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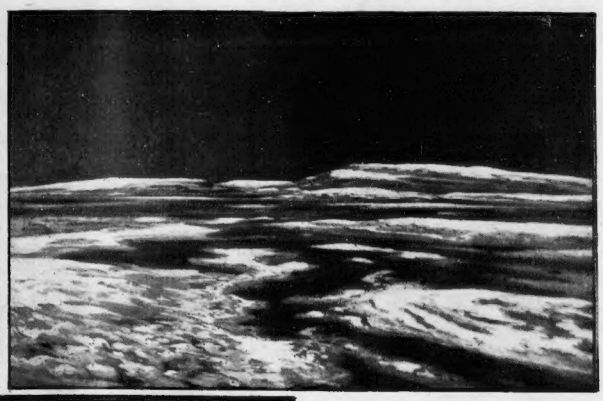
What Science Now Knows About The Planet Mars

A Characteristic View in Regions Where Water Cannot Exist on the Surface of Mars Except in the Condition of Vast Marshes, and Where It Maintains Vegetation; the Latter Is Shown Only by Colored Spots, for It Is Impossible to Represent the Exact Species of the Plants Growing There.



A View in the Polar Regions of Mars, Where the Snows of Winter Do Not Linger Long on the Soil and Melt Rapidly at the Approach of Summer—A Situation Quite Unlike the Heavy Polar Ice Caps of Our Earth.

By Prof. Lucien Rudaux,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory.

EVERY planet of the solar system has its individuality and its peculiar characteristics by which it is distinguished from its celestial sisters. We, the inhabitants of the planet earth, only know the conditions amid which human existence has been created and continues; and it is to this state of things that we necessarily compare everything.

Now, among the known worlds, Mars is undoubtedly the planet which is least different from ours, although it does not resemble the earth absolutely. If we could travel there, many landscapes which would present themselves to our eyes would certainly recall many views on earth; and, in spite of various peculiarities, we might easily believe that we had not left our globe.

Let us now try to form an idea of Mars based on the most recent telescopic discoveries, since our only possibility of making this journey is through the mind, by means of reconstructions based on the scientific data collected up to the present.

This is an opportune moment to discuss our neighboring planet, for it has just been offering itself under favorable conditions to the investigations of astronomers. All those to whom celestial phenomena are familiar have been able to contemplate it since the beginning of the year during the entire night; while not far away on the right, Jupiter sparkles with a still finer brilliancy. The light of Mars is of a very marked orange color, and the two planets have furnished a beautiful spectacle in the Winter sky.

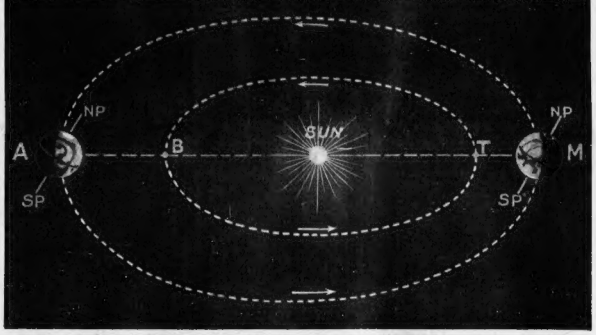
To understand more easily how we see Mars at this moment, it is necessary to recall its position and its movement. The planet Mars is farther from the sun than the earth is; the orbit which it describes, which is somewhat eccentric, causes this distance to vary in considerable proportions. The shortest distance from the sun, called perihelion, is 127,720,000 miles, and the greatest distance, called aphelion, is 153,760,000 miles.

By reason of this eccentricity the orbit of Mars is not concentric with that of the earth, and the separation from one another is very variable—at the point where they are nearest together the difference is only 34,720,000 miles, while at the opposite point it rises to 61,380,000 miles.

Let us represent to ourselves Mars and the earth as two runners on unequal and not parallel tracks. Our globe, which runs the fastest, since its course is completed, as we know, in 365 days, periodically overtakes Mars, which goes more slowly and requires 687 days to cover its course. The combination of these two movements has the result that the two planets pass on the line about every 780 days, but not in the same position on their orbits. Sometimes they happen to be in the position of greatest closeness, as in 1924, and sometimes in that of greatest separation—we are actually near this less favorable situation at present.

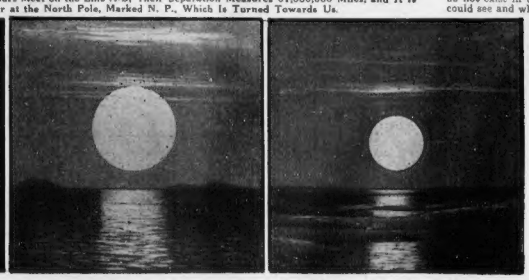
Thus from one period to another Mars appears to be more or less near our eyes, which has an advantage for the study of the peculiarities of its surface. But in addition its globe shows itself under different perspectives. It turns on itself, like the earth, upon an inclined axis, whose position with regard to the orbit is explained by the diagram printed herewith. This circumstance, which entails different seasons, which we are going to study, explains why the North Pole is turned towards us at the present moment, while the South Pole occupied this position in 1924. This condition, of course, enables us to study better the peculiarities of the polar regions.

It should be remembered that Mars is much smaller than the earth; while the diameter of the latter is 7,980 miles, Mars has a diameter of only 4,172 miles. Mars is, therefore, nearly seven times smaller than the earth. The rotation of its globe takes place in 24 hours, 37 minutes and 22 seconds, and the day and night are nearly the same as on earth.



Diagrammatic View of the Orbit or Path of Mars Around the Sun, With Relation to That of the Earth. This Perspective View Deforms the Orbits in a General Way While Preserving, However, the Proportionate Differences in Distance. But It Enables Us by Means of This Perspective to Figure Out How the Axis of Mars Is Inclined, Which Determines Its Seasons, and Also to Understand Why We See Alternately One Pole or the Other. When the Earth Is at T and Mars at M, the Two Planets Are at Their Nearest Point to One Another, That Is, 34,720,000 Miles Apart, and the South Pole, Marked S. P., in Mid-Summer Is Turned Toward Us. When the Earth and Mars Meet on the Line A-B, Their Separation Measures 61,380,000 Miles, and It Is Then Summer at the North Pole, Marked N. P., Which Is Turned Towards Us.

A General View of the Planet Mars. The Side Shown Here Is That on Which the Mass of Its Spots Is Seen Most Easily in Telescopes of Medium Power, But the Various Colors and the Smaller Details Can Only Be Obtained by Very Large Instruments. Mars Is Shown as It Appears at the Present Season of the Year; the Optical Instruments Have Reversed the Image, and the North Is Shown at the Bottom. The North Pole, Which Is Inclined Towards the Earth, Shows Its Snowy Cap, Which We Shall See from Now On Progressively Diminishing in Extent as the Summer Season on the Northern Hemisphere of the Planet Advances.



The Apparent Size of the Sun Seen from the Earth (Left) and of Mars (Right).

As soon as we make somewhat detailed telescopic observations of Mars, we see there a general mass of curious outlines, including dark green spots and yellow or orange colored light regions, all of which have been compared to a distribution of seas, continents and large islands. But the eye is particularly struck by the dazzling white spots occupying the two poles of the planet and so apparent that instruments of small size enable us to distinguish them easily.

As these spots are very extensive during the Winter at each pole, and then diminish until they almost disappear when these points are bathed in Summer weather, they have naturally been explained as glacial or snowy formations, whose variations are necessarily in harmony with the course of the Martian seasons.

These seasons, which must have the same importance for the Martians as ours do for us, must make themselves felt even more than on earth by reason of their prolonged duration, since the Martian year is nearly twice as long as ours. In the polar regions of Mars, the almost complete melting of the snows in Summer would singularly facilitate the efforts of explorers, if there are any there and if they have attempted the conquest of the poles as our explorers have.

This disappearance of the snows, taken in connection with other peculiarities revealed by large telescopes, seems to indicate that Mars does not have thick polar caps of ice and snow like those which completely surround our earthly poles, but only thin layers of snow, which cover very unequally the different parts of the surface.

The polar landscapes of Mars must, therefore, be a little different from those of the earth by reason of the absence of prodigious glaciers and banks of ice. This condition is easily explained by the relative poverty of the atmosphere on Mars, which is only slightly laden with water vapor.

In this atmosphere, which is less dense than ours, and which must give the sky a dark and dingy appearance, there are few clouds, and the precipitation of rain and snow is certainly slight. This is in agreement with what we can see of the surface, where water appears to be somewhat scarce.

Modern observations, in fact, have not confirmed the old idea that the vast dark areas on Mars were seas. The systematic and minute study of these areas has shown that while they keep their same general distribution, they are subject to variations in their extent, their contours and especially in the various colors which they present. Some of them, which are adorned with a pretty green coloration in Summer, turn a gray or reddish brown color as Autumn advances.

The explanation which agrees best with all these phenomena is that we are looking from a great distance at marshy surfaces which are capable of maintaining some kind of vegetation, whose seasonal changes we can observe without being able to form an exact idea of what these living kinds of plants are. But it is of great importance to our knowledge of Mars simply to have been able to discover this fact.

If modern observations have changed our ideas of the nature of the "seas" of Mars, a term which has been preserved on the maps of the planet, they have also destroyed those which have been formed about the famous canals. These formations, which were formerly regarded as an extremely curious geometrical network and excited human curiosity to a high degree, cannot, it is now known, be said to really exist. At least they do not exist in that regular form which we thought we could see and which is now found to be only an illusion, due to too small an image, the details of which could not be perceived correctly by the older telescopes. In reality, the so-called canals are strings of little irregular spots distributed according to certain alignments and which, when seen indistinctly through a telescope of small power, seemed to be reduced to a continuous line.

These canals, as we have continued to call them, are simply natural formations of the soil brought about by the same laws as those which governed the formation of the hills and other features of the surface of our earth; and no doubt they have characteristics in common with the other dark spots, for they show changes of the same kind.

By the side of these regions, where the presence of water has certainly played an important part, there are immense territories which seem completely sterile and very little broken up in any way, for we do not observe the presence on Mars of any real mountains. These regions must quite certainly have the character of what we call deserts, such as the Sahara. This, at least, is the best explanation which can be given of these surfaces, which present an orange-yellow or reddish color and which, as they are the dominant characteristics of the planet, give it its handsome color which makes it shine in the sky like a burning mass of coal.

It is very interesting to notice that the details which diversify these desert regions as well as neighboring formations, sometimes become faint or even disappear entirely, as if masked by immense yellow veils. This strengthens the opinion that has lately been formed on the character of these great arid areas, which is that clouds of dust capable of covering very wide areas are raised up under the influence of powerful air currents.

A thin light is suffused over these landscapes, for the sun, which is farther away than on earth, appears smaller and in consequence lights and heats the soil less. Although we cannot calculate the average temperature in a precise manner, it cannot be very low, for the various phenomena which have been discussed could not have been produced without the circulation of water and atmospheric movements, due to solar heat.

Could we acclimate ourselves and live on this world? If so, we should enjoy the pleasant sensation of being three times lighter than here, because gravity is very weak on Mars, on account of its small size. To our eyes it is just a luminous spot lost in space, and yet it is another world very much like our own.

Germany Teaching Women How To Do More Work

Plastic Figures Used at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Showing Women the Right and Wrong Methods of Carrying Burdens. The Experiments Have Proved That the Yoke, Shown in the Center, Is the Method Causing Least Fatigue or Physical Disfigurement. The First Figure Shows How the Stomach Muscles May Be Affected by Improper Lifting. The Second Shows an Equal Distribution of Weight, the Next Best to the Yoke. Curvatures of the Spine Are Often Caused by Carrying Burdens as Shown in the Third Photo. The Fifth and Sixth Images Show Methods That Round the Shoulders. Balancing Weights on the Head Is Injurious, and Carrying Burdens on the Back Frequently Injures the Muscles, Congests the Chest and Affects the Lungs.

Warmth in Certain Degrees, the Experiments Reveal, Increases Working Capacity. The Woman Working in the Heat of Powerful Lamps, However, Showed Increased Fatigue When the Warmth Exceeded a Certain Point.

GERMAN *economists* have been telling their *fellow* countrymen ever since the *close of* the World War that there is *only one* sure way for a nation *impoverished* by war to bring back national *prosperity*—every individual must work hard, conscientiously and efficiently. The bank president must be an able executive and the ditch digger must be a laborer more than worthy of his hire. In other words, if millions of individuals can produce a profit from their efforts, the nation *inevitably becomes* wealthier, able to pay its debts and to speed the day when it will be "out of the red ink," as the saying goes.

Scientists of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute at Dortmund have been cooperating with the government in an interesting series of experiments intended to show individuals how to increase their mental and physical efficiency. Among other experiments they devised and conducted a long series of tests to show the women of the nation how to do more and better work with a minimum of effort.

With characteristic Teutonic thoroughness, the directors of the institute preserved some of their findings in a series of little sculptured figures graphically depicting the correct and the incorrect manner of carrying burdens. Many sets of these statuettes will be distributed about the country where they may be studied by the public.

Beginning at the left, the first, third, sixth and seventh figures at the top of the page show ways of carrying burdens that are exhausting and likely to cause illness and body deformity. The fourth figure, showing a woman carrying two pails of water slung from a shoulder yoke, depicts the ideal manner of bearing loads. In this way the weight of the burden is evenly distributed over the body, the arms are more or less free and there is no danger of rounding the shoulders, congesting the lungs or of causing spinal curvature.

The second statue shows another way of evenly distributing the weight of a burden, but this is tiring to the arm muscles and is much less comfortable and efficient than working with a yoke across the shoulders.

The fifth and eighth figures counting from the left, depict two other means of carrying loads that are easier and healthier than holding burdens against the abdomen and the hips, or on the shoulders and the head. But these, too, are bad because of the tendency to cause round shoulders and consequent congestion of the lungs.

Practically all of the tests carried on at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute were performed by subjects wearing the so-called respiration meter, which is to be seen strapped to the woman climbing a flight of steps and the woman lifting a weight in front of a battery of heat lamps.

Respiration Meters Are Used on Subjects When Climbing Stairs or Ladders to Measure Oxygen. The Tests Also Indicate the Proper Angle of the Body to Reduce Fatigue.

The air expelled from the subject's mouth and nose is collected in the rubber sack on her back while she performs the work of the test. This air is analyzed to show how much oxygen she requires and how much of this oxygen is "burned up" by her activity.

By their many experiments in which subjects carried loads up ladders inclined at various angles, the scientists were able to find exactly how steep steps should be to require a minimum of energy in climbing them. They learned that steps inclined at a 45-degree angle, or less, are least tiring.

The photograph at the right shows one of many tests made to determine the effect that heat has on workers. It was discovered that women can work more quickly and longer in a comfortably warm atmosphere than in comparatively low temperatures, but that too much heat causes a person to work more slowly and to tire rapidly.

Photo by KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Feminized Adaptation of the Male Dress Suit, Which Is the Rather Silly Combination That Dressmakers of Europe Recently Tried to Force on Women During a Show in London. It Was Not Received Favorably, Since There Are Many Men and Women Who Are in Favor of Abolishing Even the Masculine Formal Attire for Something More Comfortable. The Trousers Shown in the Photograph Are Made of Ivory Satin and the Coat Tails Are Exaggerated.

Dog That Lives Like a Human Being

THIS country is full of dogs so loved by their masters and mistresses that they live much more comfortably and luxuriously than is the lot of the average human being. But none of these pups *seems* to have so soft a time of it as "Rover," the beloved pet of Mrs. Howard Leatherdale, of Minneapolis.

Rover never has had to curl up on an old burlap bag or a discarded coat in the cellar—he sleeps in a room of his own, on a regular bed built to his measure and fitted with a downy mattress. His personal sheets and pillowcases are changed twice a week. He has never been cursed with fleas because twice a week he *gets a thorough* bath with flea-killing *soap and has* his silken hair dried *with the fluffiest* of towels. He is unfamiliar *with* the doggy delights of making a round of the neighborhood *garbage* pails in search of bones or bits of meat.

In his diet, *this lucky* dog has adjusted himself to the sort of food eaten by his *superkind* mistress. Every morning *Rover* enjoys a carefully prepared *breakfast* of oatmeal, with cream and *sugar*, and coffee served at just the right temperature and sweetened to his particular taste. And if these dishes are not as he likes them he registers very definite "kicks."

Of course, he is fed certain other foods that are more suited to canine digestion, but these, too, are painstakingly prepared and put before him at the proper meal time.

Every morning at 5:30 o'clock, Rover opens his eyes, stretches himself, bounds out of his soft bed and runs into the chamber occupied by his mistress. He insists on starting the day by having Mrs. Leatherdale comb his hair, whether it has any kinks in it or not. He does not seem to enjoy his breakfast unless this rite is performed first.

Naturally, Rover feels superior to the few dogs of his acquaintance and he spends almost all his day in the company of his owner or within the confines of his own yard.

At night he keeps his ear cocked for the clock to strike ten. That's his bed time and he never stays up later than that, if he can help it. If his mistress neglects to put him to bed promptly he turns a chair over, or pushes a book from the table to attract her attention.

WIDE WORLD Photo.

"Rover," the Pet Dog of Mrs. Howard Leatherdale, of Minneapolis, Minn., Being Put to Bed by His Owner.

The New Medical Camera for Taking Pictures Inside the Stomach

FOR many years doctors have been seeking a way to take actual photographs of the inside of the vital organs of a living person—a way that would provide a much clearer picture of diseased tissue than is possible with X-rays. Today they can take camera "shots" of the lining of the stomach with a recently perfected camera, which is called the Gastrophotor.

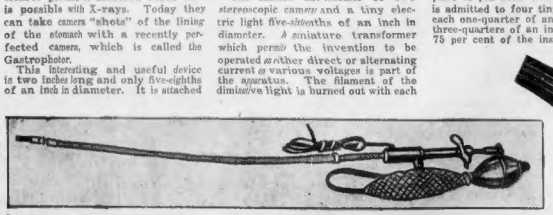
This interesting and useful device is two inches long and only five-eighths of an inch in diameter. It is attached to the end of a semi-rigid tube which is inserted in the mouth and forced, with only slight discomfort to the patient, down the throat and into the stomach.

The camera unit consists of two stereoscopic cameras and a tiny electric light five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. A miniature transformer which permits the invention to be operated either direct or alternating current as various voltages is part of the apparatus. The filament of the diminutive light is burned out with each exposure and produces an instantaneous blue light of 12,000 candle power.

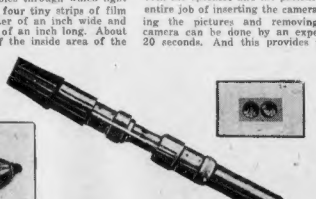
No lenses are used in the camera. The exposures are made through four pairs of pin holes through which light is admitted to four tiny strips of film each one-quarter of an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. About 75 per cent of the inside area of the stomach can be photographed in a single exposure.

The introduction of the tube into the stomach is said by physicians who have used it to be a simple matter for both the operator and the patient. The entire job of inserting the camera, taking the pictures and removing the camera can be done by an expert in 20 seconds. And this provides for a slight inflation of the stomach by squeezing a bulb at the outer end of the tube.

The instant the camera is within the stomach the operator presses a button on the handle of the tube, the light between the tiny cameras flares brilliantly for one-one hundred and twentieth of a second, the pictures are taken and the tube is instantly withdrawn. The films are developed and studied through a view-box in which they are enlarged exactly 100 diameters.



The New Device, Which Consists of a Rubber Tube to Which Two Stereoscopic Cameras Are Attached. The Tube Is Connected to a Transformer Which Enables It to Be Used on Any Electric Current.



The Camera Unit Which Is Two Inches Long and Five-eighths of an Inch in Diameter. —Above— Actual Size of Films on Which Pictures Are Made.

Enlargements of the Minute Photos Shown in the Oblong. These Snapshots Show Plainly the Walls of the Subject's Stomach, With the Folds of the Wall Where the Medical Man Looks for Indications of Disease.

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Down On The Farm

A Real-Life Melodrama of Love, Intrigue, Crime, and How the Mortgage on the "Old Homestead" Was Lifted by the Self-Sacrifice of a Devoted Daughter

CAST OF CHARACTERS.
(In the Order of Their Appearance)

CELIA BRENNAN.....Farmer's Daughter, Aged 19
FRANK HENZEL.....Mysterious Farm Hand, Aged 61
LELA.....Celia's Older Sister, Aged 22
CHARITY BRENNAN.....Celia's Mother
JOHN BRENNAN.....Celia's Father
WAYNE BRENNAN.....Celia's Jail-bird Brother
The Sheriff, a Taxi Driver, Neighbors, Lawyers.

The Old Farm, the Brennan Home, Near Carthage, Mo.

Celia Brennan, the Sad-Faced Nineteen-Year-Old Bride of Frank Henzel, Who Lifted the Mortgage on the Farm.

SCENE—Kitchen of old farmhouse, on side road, near Carthage, Missouri. Time, about a year and a half ago. CELIA BRENNAN, pretty nineteen-year-old farmer's daughter, is humming cheerfully as she starts putting the evening meal on the table. She becomes silent and frowns at entrance of FRANK HENZEL, mysterious farmhand, who, in spite of his sixty-one years, regards the girl with an ardent eye.

ACT I.

HENZEL—You're a right smart girl, aren't you?

CELIA—Thanks. You've said that before.

HENZEL—You're a right good-looking girl, too.

CELIA—You've said that before.

HENZEL—You'd make some man a right good wife.

CELIA—So you've told me.

HENZEL—Yes, and it's time I got a straight answer. You know what I mean. My intentions are honorable and I'd make a good husband for you, steady and no fooling like some of these young bucks, who don't give a darn about farming.

CELIA—Sure, you're a prize *(his face lights up as she pauses, and then falls as she adds)* for somebody your age.

HENZEL—Aw, say, a man's as old as he feels and I'm as spry as anybody.

(He does a jig, but CELIA is not impressed. He follows her around the table, but she evades him.)

HENZEL—If you only knew how young I feel.

CELIA—I don't want to know.

HENZEL *(grasping her shoulders)*—You might as well know something. I'm only working here because I love you.

CELIA—Well, you might as well work somewhere else, because I don't love you. Be your age, will you?

(She breaks away, but he pursues, hurt but ardent.)

HENZEL—Is that so? I'm doing a lot for your father and all of you. Don't forget that.

CELIA—That's what you are paid for.

HENZEL—Oh, yeah? High-hat me, will you? Wait till I tell you a thing or two, and maybe . . .

(He pauses at entrance of LELA, CELIA'S 22-year-old sister, who shows in her attitude that she realizes what is going on. There is an awkward pause.)

HENZEL—Er—I just remembered, the old mare has got the bots. Maybe I better squeeze them out before dinner.

(He exits.)

LELA—Has he been fresh again?

CELIA—No; but he never lets up. I'm going to take that Kansas City job.

LELA—All alone in the city at your age?

CELIA—I can't stand any more of this and we are going to lose the farm, anyway. S-s-sh! Here comes Mother.

(MRS. BRENNAN, a farmer's wife, bent with care and worry, enters.)

MRS. BRENNAN—Your father is just driving into the barn. One of you girls run out and ask him if he fixed things up. He always putters out there and I can't wait to hear.

LELA—It's no use, Mother; we might as well break it to you now. We've known for weeks that there was no hope of extending that mortgage again.

(MRS. BRENNAN sinks into a chair, crushed.)

LELA—Don't take it too hard. Celia has got a job in the city and I'll get one there, too, and look out for her. You and Dad aren't going to the poorhouse.

(JOHN BRENNAN, an elderly farmer, as careworn as his wife, enters in his best suit of city clothes, nods rather cheerfully at the women and goes to the sink to wash up. They watch him with increasing suspense and irritation.)

CELIA—Well?

MRS. BRENNAN—Speak up! What about the mortgage?

BRENNAN—Oh, that? That's all fixed.

THE THREE WOMEN *(together)*—What!

BRENNAN *(avoiding their eyes)*—Why—yes. I renewed it.

MRS. BRENNAN—John, look at me. Now tell us the truth.

BRENNAN—I paid it off.

THE THREE WOMEN—What! How? What with?

BRENNAN *(uneasily)*—I borrowed the money from Henzel.

MRS. BRENNAN—You're crazy.

CELIA—Where would a farmhand get $4,000 to lend?

BRENNAN—He had $10,000, what was left of $100,000 a relative left him—always thought he was a queer sort of hand.

Frank Henzel, Sixty-One-Year-Old Farm Hand, Who Bargained to Cancel the Mortgage on the Brennan Farm if Nineteen-Year-Old Celia Brennan Married Him.

MRS. BRENNAN *(happily)*—Now you girls won't have to leave the old farm.

CELIA *(grimly)*—I am leaving tomorrow morning.

LELA—And I am going with her.

BRENNAN—Well, if women ain't queer!

(The door opens slowly, HENZEL enters, showing that he has overheard.)

HENZEL—Right you are. They don't know what they want, but I do. I'm the doggedest man you ever saw. When I set my hand to the plow I don't turn back till I've finished the furrow, and I'm going to marry Celia. Just try and stop me.

CELIA—Is that a threat?

HENZEL—Bless your heart, no; it's a promise.

(CURTAIN)

ACT II.

SCENE same. Time, a cold, rainy morning, six months later. MRS. BRENNAN sits near the stove, a picture of lonesome dejection. BRENNAN enters, looks anxiously at his wife and removes his wet coat.

BRENNAN—Ma, don't sit there and eat your heart out like that. Everything will turn out for the best.

MRS. BRENNAN—John, I can't help it. Our boy is in State's prison for robbing that bank, and now our two girls have gone to the wicked city—no good will come of that. And that old hired man is nagging me about Celia.

BRENNAN—Ma, look; I got something for you. It's the monthly letter they let him write from the prison. Maybe they're going to let him out soon for good behavior.

(HENZEL enters with determined manner, slams the door, takes off his coat, sits in one chair and puts his feet in another, as if he owned the place.)

HENZEL—Who is the letter from?

MRS. BRENNAN—Well, I declare! Is that any of your business?

HENZEL *(surprised)*—Yes, I want to know if it is from Celia.

BRENNAN—What is that to you?

HENZEL—I want to know how soon she's coming home to marry me.

MRS. BRENNAN *(angrily)* — She's never going to marry you—an old man more than three times her age.

HENZEL—That's what she says, eh? Well, you write her and tell her different, because if you don't . . .

BRENNAN—*If* we don't, what will you do?

HENZEL—In that case, I guess my lawyer is right. There's no sense in being so fool generous to her father. I want my money. That note is due.

(BRENNAN looks alarmed, but his wife turns on the farmhand.)

MRS. BRENNAN—You can't bully me. I talked with Lawyer Thompson, and he says that just for a matter of $4,000 you won't be able to turn us out for maybe two years, and by then times ought to be better for farmers.

HENZEL—Times will be worse and my lawyer says different. I gotta protect my interests. Of course, if I was going to be one of the family . . .

BRENNAN — *(getting mad)* — Look here, Frank Henzel, you can't threaten my wife like that. You pack your trunk and get out of here right now.

HENZEL—That's gratitude for you.

MRS. BRENNAN — *(starting toward telephone)*—If you don't we'll call the sheriff and have him put you out.

HENZEL—All right, I'll go. And when the sheriff comes I'll be the bird that brings him. I want my money.

(He stalks out of the kitchen and stamps upstairs to his room overhead.)

BRENNAN—Don't mind him, Ma. Open that letter, will you? Maybe it's good news.

MRS. BRENNAN *(opening letter)*—No good news ever comes to this farm. *(Reads).* Oh! Oh! Listen to this! He says that there is a lawyer in Kansas City who for a few thousand dollars can get him a parole. Oh, our boy. our boy. We can get him free.

(She looks at her husband's gloomy face and suddenly realizes. The letter drops to the floor.)

BRENNAN *(gloomily)*—Yes, where'd we get even one thousand?

MRS. BRENNAN *(sobbing)*—Why did you do it? If you'd only saved that $4,000 and let the farm go. I'd gladly go to the poorhouse if it would get Wayne free.

(She stops in the midst of her sobbing and looks up at the ceiling.)

MRS. BRENNAN *(whispering)*—Him, John—do you think we could get it from him?

(Heavy footsteps descend stairs. Henzel, wearing hat and coat and carrying a bag marches stiffly through the kitchen. At the outside door, he pauses.)

HENZEL—In the morning I will call for my trunk and bring my lawyer.

MRS. BRENNAN—Oh, Mr. Henzel—I'm sorry. Perhaps we were hasty. Won't you stay?

BRENNAN—Yes, we apologize.

(Henzel looks at both of them and at the letter, shrewdly weighing the situation. As he calmly picks the letter up both start to snatch it from him, but restrain themselves. When Henzel has finished reading it, he studies them with a queer smile.)

HENZEL—Huh! You ain't quite got the nerve to ask me, have you? *(Pause.)* The poor kid! Well, I might. My lawyer says there's no fool like an old fool.

(CURTAIN)

ACT III.

Scene I.

SCENE—Same kitchen. Time, before dawn, a year later, lamps lighted. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Henzel are finishing breakfast. Wayne Brennan, a sullen-looking man in his early twenties, who has been out on parole long enough to be rid of his prison pallor, shuffles in, yawns and sits down.

WAYNE—This daylight-saving is a fool idea.

BRENNAN—It's all you can save these days.

HENZEL *(rising)*—This is an anniversary.

MRS. BRENNAN *(indifferently)*—Of what?

HENZEL—Of the day I lent you the money to get this lad out of prison. And that isn't all. Here is a statement of the account. What are you going to do about it?

(He exits as Wayne glowers after him.)

BRENNAN *(reading)*—Almost ten thousand dollars.

MRS. BRENNAN—It can't be more than seven thousand.

BRENNAN—I had to have more for the new silo and taxes and lots of things. With interest I guess he's right.

WAYNE—He knows we are busted. What's he driving at?

MRS. BRENNAN—He'll ask us to make Celia marry him.

BRENNAN—I'm afraid he's going to get nasty.

WAYNE—He is, eh? Just let me handle him.

HENZEL *(entering)*—Take your time, Mr. Brennan, I am just going upstairs to——

WAYNE *(harshly)*—We'll tell you right now. Nothing doing.

HENZEL—You mean no money?

WAYNE *(with a sneer)*—Smart guess.

HENZEL—In that case you had all better join in a strong letter to Celia. Tell her to quit her nonsense and marry me right now.

WAYNE *(working up a rage)*—What do you mean talking about my sister like a cow to be handed over for debt?

HENZEL—You needn't yell. If it hadn't been for me you know where you'd be now.

WAYNE *(jumping up)*—Throw that in my face, will you? Just for that you get off this farm before I kick you off.

HENZEL *(noting that the old couple avoid his eye)*—Very well. I'll go. More gratitude. Help me down with my trunk.

WAYNE *(sarcastically)*—Going to carry it on your back?

HENZEL—Aren't you going to drive me to town?

Wayne Brennan—With Identification Number of the Kansas State Penitentiary.

WAYNE—Sorry, but this is our busy day. *(Turns to his parents, who start to protest.)* You keep out of this.

HENZEL—Young man, it takes a lot to make me mad, but you've done it. I'll go, but I'll be back. *(Exits upstairs.)*

MRS. BRENNAN—Why not drive the old man to town?

WAYNE—Don't butt in. I've got my reasons.

(Curtain descends for a moment to cover several hour's lapse of time.)

Scene II.

TIME—That afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Wayne and a Sheriff standing in the kitchen while two persons are heard slowly descending stairs).

WAYNE—No sense in bringing you here, Sheriff. He could have his old trunk any time.

SHERIFF—Well, I didn't want any trouble account of your parole.

WAYNE—Ah, he's crazy.

(Henzel and Taxidriver enter, carrying trunk.)

HENZEL—Not too crazy to know somebody has been through this and stolen the evidence of your father's indebtedness.

MRS. BRENNAN—You are mistaken.

BRENNAN—That's ridiculous.

WAYNE—Didn't I tell you, he's bug-house.

HENZEL—No, you are, to do a thing like that on parole.

SHERIFF—Yes, my boy, watch your step.

(Henzel, Driver and Sheriff go out.)

MRS. BRENNAN *(anxiously)*—Wayne, you didn't take anything, did you?

WAYNE *(somewhat nervously)*—No, forget it. *(He looks up irritably as Driver re-enters.)* What are you back for?

DRIVER—Mr. Brennan, here is a copy of the summons and complaint in the action of Henzel against Brennan.

(Driver hands paper to Brennan and goes out.)

BRENNAN—Ten thousand dollars and costs. There goes the farm after all.

WAYNE—No it don't, if he's lost his evidence. Get the idea?

BRENNAN—See here, son, you don't think your mother and I are going to deny it, do you?

(Wayne looks at his parents, worries a moment, then reaches for his hat.)

WAYNE—I'll have to have the flivver a couple of days.

BRENNAN—Where are you going?

WAYNE *(on his way out)*—Kansas City.

MRS. BRENNAN—Don't you dare talk to Celia.

BRENNAN—Let him talk. She won't listen.

MRS. BRENNAN—Yes, she might. He always could manage that girl.

(She hobbles toward door. Her husband tries to restrain her.)

MRS. BRENNAN—Wayne, come back here.

(She breaks away from her husband and hurries out.)

MRS. BRENNAN *(off-stage)*—Wayne, Wayne, come back. I forbid it. *(Sound of motor heard.)* Wayne! Wayne! Don't you dare! He's gone!

(CURTAIN)

ACT IV.

SCENE—Same. Time, evening, two days later. Mrs. Brennan sits staring out window, her husband watching her anxiously.

BRENNAN—Come on Ma, time to go to bed.

MRS. BRENNAN—Why doesn't Celia answer my telegram?

BRENNAN—Don't worry. You'll get a letter in the morning. There's somebody now. Come in.

(Outside door opens, revealing James Huffman, a neighbor.)

BRENNAN—Hello, Jim, what's up?

(Continued on Page 4.)

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A Hut Our Stone-Age Ancestors Lived In

Stone Age Implement Found at Skara Brae, the Primitive Village Recently Unearthed in the Orkneys. Scientists Have Been Unable to Find Out the Purpose of This Stone Tool.

MORE than sixty years ago scientists learned that a prehistoric settlement lay buried beneath the surface of Skara Brae, in the Orkney Islands off the North coast of Scotland. But it is only recently that careful excavations have brought to light this ancient and primitive community in all its interesting and mystifying details.

Chief among the discoveries at Skara Brae, is the hut of a Stone Age family in such a remarkable state of preservation that its hardy inhabitants might have left it only yesterday. This hut is made of slabs of stone, and is big enough to have held a large family. The dwelling is 15 feet in diameter and its walls rise to a height of 10 feet. In the center of the floor is a crude fireplace flanked by slabs of stone set on edge.

The entrance to the ancient abode is so low that a person would have to crouch on his hands and knees to crawl through it. This door was cross-ed with heavy wooden bars, which evidently were put there centuries ago to protect the occupants from prowling beasts and human enemies.

ACME NEWSPICTURES PHOTOS

The Entrance to a Stone Age Hut at Skara Brae. For Extra Safety Neolithic Man Placed Heavy Wooden Bars Across His Door, Which, in Any Case, an Enemy Would Have to Enter on All Fours.

A Fragment of Pottery Found at Skara Brae.

Many primitive implements were found in this hut and in other stone houses unearthed in the vicinity. These tools include crude picks, shovels, flint scrapers and a heavy stone axe-head, and there are other implements that have the scientists guessing as to what they were used for. Six huts have been unearthed at Skara Brae, all of them built on a sort of winding path that seems to have been the Main Street of the ancient settlement. The archaeologists who are supervising the work of digging the village out of the soil that has covered it for nobody knows how many thousands of years, believe that the people who lived there were Picts, a race that inhabited the whole of the British Isles in the Stone Age.

In addition to the implements found in the ancient community, the diggers came upon several beautiful strings of beads, pendants, fragments of decorated pottery and ornamental mouldings. These things seem to prove that the prehistoric Picts had rather a well-developed artistic sense and were not nearly so crude and animalistic as people who lived back in the Stone Age are generally supposed to have been.

Professor V. Gordon Childs, the University of Edinburgh archaeologist who is conducting the excavation work at Skara Brae, believes that the village of stone huts is one of the most remarkable and important discoveries of recent years. Only in Pompeii, says Prof. Childs, can as cient houses be found that are so well preserved in all their detail.

Plans are being made to preserve the community at Skara Brae as a unique museum of Stone Age architecture and relics.

One of the huts had a burial vault built into its walls and in this grave were the crumbling remains of two skeletons with their knees drawn up. The scientists believe that the bones are testimony of human sacrifice.

Professor Childs offers the opinion that it may have been the custom of the ancient dwellers on Skara Brae to seek the favor of pagan gods by sacrificing some of their neighbors.

The greatest mystery about the Stone Age community in the Orkneys lies in certain inscriptions that are scratched on the walls of some of the huts. The slab that covered the burial vault was also engraved with characters that the scientists have not yet been able to decipher.

Careful records are being made of all the primitive writing found in the village and the scientists hope, by comparing this writing with understandable Pict runes, eventually to translate the characters and learn the secret of the prehistoric village.

Fined the Pretty Actress for Smoking in Public

HERBERT PHOTOS

Signorina Maria Alessandri, the Milan Actress, and the First Offender to Be Prosecuted Under the New Rules for Women Law.

SIGNORINA MARIA ALESSANDRI is perhaps the most talented, most beautiful and most temperamental actress in Milan. She works hard to please her public, and when she is off the stage she reserves the right to do pretty much as she pleases. She pleased to smoke a cigarette in the foyer of Milan's most exclusive hotel a few weeks ago—and paid a fine of $20 for her audacity.

Indirectly, Mussolini was responsible for the high cost of the pretty actress' smoke, because Milan was forced, with other Italian cities, to adopt the so-called New Rules for Women Law intended to make and keep feminine citizens of the country becomingly modest and ladylike.

The Signorina told the policeman who approached her and reminded her that Milanese women were no longer allowed to smoke in public that she was quite familiar with the new and silly regulations. And that she had no intention of obeying any such high-handed edict.

A little nonplussed by the actress' charm and her very definite refusal to abide by the law, the officer explained to her that, as much as he regretted the procedure, he would have to do his duty. The fine for smoking in a public place was $20, and he presented her with an official card informing her that she owed that amount to the State.

Whether Maria Alessandri deliberately broke the law to show her contempt for such dictatorial curbs on women's freedom, and to induce other Milanese women to rise up in revolt against the anti-smoking law, is not known. But the city's police officials strongly suspect that as her purpose, for she was the first offender.

Since the embarrassing episode, however, the Signorina has confined her smoking to her sumptuously furnished apartment and to the dressing-room in the theatre where she is starring in a popular play. For she knows that when Il Duce makes a law it stays made, and that $20 worth of satisfaction cannot be found in any cigarette ever made.

Gave the Heiress a Ticket for Speeding and Married Her

HERBERT PHOTOS

Mme. Clarac, the French Heiress, Whom the Speed Policeman Won After He Had Made Her Acquaintance by Giving Her a Court Summons.

SERGEANT CLARAC made up his mind, when he was assigned to traffic duty in a little community on the outskirts of Paris, that he would put a stop to the epidemic of reckless driving there or turn in his motorcycle and badge. But he didn't dream that his decision to perform his duty without fear or favor would win him one of the prettiest and wealthiest heiresses in France for a wife.

It did just that, however, and this is how it all came about: Before the young and good-looking policeman took up his vigilant patrol of the main highways of the little town, he was taken aside by the well-meaning town fathers. They warned him not to bend too sharp an eye on a gay and high-powered sports roadster that tore through the town from time to time.

The driver of that car would be a charming and reckless young girl, one Madamoiselle Morel, daughter of the richest man in town, a vineyard owner, who furnished employment for many citizens. The girl, Virginie by name, was accepted as a privileged character because of her father's exalted position. She was well aware of the fact that Paris has no speed laws, and because she somehow had avoided accidents, no officers had presumed to arrest her.

Sergeant Clarac listened respectfully to this advice, still determined that his superiors would never have cause to reprimand him for dereliction of duty, even if he found it necessary to arrest the town's wilful and privileged darling.

He had been on the job only a few days, when a brightly painted roadster roared through the main street and was swallowed up in a cloud of dust after narrowly missing several terrified pedestrians. He jumped on his motorcycle and streaked after the machine. Some two miles later he succeeded in catching up with the offender and forcing her to pull out to the side of the road.

"Bon jour, Madamoiselle Morel," he said, removing his cap. "Permit me, if you will, to present you with a court summons for reckless driving."

And courteously but firmly he conveyed her back into the town and before the magistrate, who was forced, on the sergeant's charge, to fine his pretty prisoner.

Apparently Madamoiselle Morel liked being taken in hand by the handsome policeman, for she saw much of him in the following weeks, and one day astounded the townsfolk by announcing that she was no longer Mlle. Morel, but Madame Clarac, and the happiest bride in France.

Down On The Farm—A Real Life Melodrama of Love and the Mortgage on the "Old Homestead"

(Continued From Page 3.)

JIM *(grinning)*—What did you steal my new farm hand for?

BRENNAN—Henzel? We'd never steal him.

JIM—Well, this morning your son drove up and whispered something to Henzel's ear that made the old man give a whoop and drive away with him. We haven't heard from him since.

MRS. BRENNAN—Wayne is back in town?

(Motor heard off stage. Jim looks off.)

JIM—There are the kidnapers now.

(Wayne, Celia, Lela and Henzel enter.)

MRS. BRENNAN—What does this mean?

WAYNE *(pompously)*—Just let me read this document. It explains everything and fixes everything. *(He reads a long legal paper, wherein Frank Henzel agrees that if Celia shall become his wife Henzel cancels all claims for money advanced, concluding:)*

The said Frank Henzel hereby retracts and denies the truthfulness of the allegations contained in the above mentioned petition where it is stated that "Plaintiff's trunk was broken open and papers, records and other valuable things removed therefrom while said trunk was located in the home of John and Charity Brennan."

(During the reading Jim quietly steps out. At its end WAYNE looks up proudly.)

WAYNE—It takes me to fix things right.

MR. AND MRS. BRENNAN *(together)*—I forbid it.

HENZEL—Too late; we're married.

(The old couple collapse in their chairs, crushed.)

CELIA *(trying not to break down)*—We are spending the night at the inn at Carthage.

(She kisses her parents farewell, but they can only embrace her and sob. The bride and groom go out in a dreadful silence.)

WAYNE *(uneasily)*—Aw, say; I was trying to help you.

MRS. BRENNAN—Did you see her face?

LELA—Do you see what you have done?

(WAYNE, with a tragic gesture, goes into front room. A moment later front door slams.)

MRS. BRENNAN—Wayne! *(She babbles anxiously off into front room.)*

MRS. BRENNAN *(off-stage)*—Wayne! *(A pause, then she reappears at door.)* He's gone and taken the rifle.

LELA—What of it?

(Two shots heard off-stage. The three look at each other in gracing horror.)

(CURTAIN)

ACT V.

SCENE same. Time, a month later. SHERIFF is standing near outer door. BRENNAN sits staring at floor, while his wife stands wringing her hands.

MRS. BRENNAN—But, Mr. Sheriff, anyway Lela had nothing to do with it. She was right here and as startled as we when the shots sounded.

SHERIFF—I believe you, because if you were going to lie you'd tell a good one and try to save all three of your kids.

BRENNAN—But none of them is guilty. They can't lie to us. Ma and I know.

MRS. BRENNAN—Of course we do.

SHERIFF—Well, you tell that to the jury and maybe it'll get them all off, guilty or not.

MRS. BRENNAN—Can't you help us?

SHERIFF—No; it's in the hands of the County Attorney and all those Henzel relatives are just running him ragged. The case is pretty strong except for one thing. They haven't found the body yet. If they find it with a bullet that fits your son's rifle, things will look kind of bad.

(He starts to go.)

MRS. BRENNAN—Will you tell us when the body is found?

SHERIFF—Yes. I'll promise to phone you the minute I hear. *(He exits.)*

BRENNAN—Things have got to get better, because they couldn't possibly get worse.

MRS. BRENNAN—That's what I thought when Wayne went to prison for robbing that bank, but now every child we have is in jail accused of murdering that old man Henzel on his wedding night. When they find the body it will be even worse.

BRENNAN—You don't think any of them are guilty?

MRS. BRENNAN—I can't think any more. *(She drops into chair by window.)*

BRENNAN—Who are those people talking outside? Look.

MRS. BRENNAN—I can't bear to look. They've probably found it.

(Ominous knock at door.)

BRENNAN *(in a feeble voice)*—Come in.

(SHERIFF enters and looks at MRS. BRENNAN.)

SHERIFF—Mrs. Brennan, prepare yourself for a . . .

MRS. BRENNAN—I am prepared. I know. They've found it.

SHERIFF—Yes, but it happens to be alive.

MR. AND MRS. BRENNAN *(together)*—What?

SHERIFF—Sure! The old man was out in Colorado, getting a job, when he read about his disappearance in the paper, and so here they all are now.

(Door flies open and in come HENZEL, LELA, WAYNE and CELIA. HENZEL does a jig around the room, singing "I'm just as young as I used to be.")

HENZEL—Say, I'm the whole cast in this show. I'm the rich but honest farmhand, the rejected lover, the old money-bags, the villain who forecloses on the farm, and also the hero who saves it, and I got the boy out of prison, and finally all the kids out of jail. I'm the bridegroom and the murdered corpse. A New York play actor would want a million dollars for all that work.

(There is a great burst of laughter, but one after another each laugher becomes silent as he sees CELIA'S unsmiling face staring out the door. Just as her husband, last of all, notices, she drops in a faint. THE STAGE GOES DARK FOR A MOMENT. As the lights slowly come up again, CELIA is seen with tragic expression, sitting on the doorstep of a neat, little Colorado ranch house. Her aged husband enters from the day's toil.)

HENZEL—Alone at last! I brought you a bouquet of flowers, because this is our real wedding night. Why, what's the matter, gal?

(CELIA faints.)

(CURTAIN)

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Musical Comedy "Flops"

The "Tired Business Man" No Longer Willing to Pay $5 or $10 to See Chorus Girls With Very Little Clothes On When Any Bathing Beach Offers More Variety for Nothing

Serpentine Contortionist in Cochran's "1931 Revue," Which Lost Money From the Very Start.

Some of the Young Ladies in "Smiles," One of the Outstanding Musical Comedy Failures of the Season.

An Affectionate Scene From "Princess Charming," Which Was a Money Loser.

One of the Stars in the Ill-fated "Ballyhoo," Which Is Said to Have Lost $100,000.

The French Actress, Gina Malo, Imported for "Sons o' Guns"—But the Show Died on the Road, and "Mlle. Malo" Was Said by Some Observers to be Miss Janet Flynn of New York.

Some of the Chorus in Overalls of Mr. Cochran's Revue Which Entirely Failed to Stir Up Any Enthusiasm.

WHY has "the tired business man" become [illegible] of musical comedies and revues which were supposed to be as perfectly suited to his appetite as raw meat to a dog's?

This present season has witnessed such a slaughter of these girl-and-music shows that theatrical producers and theatre owners have been forced to admit that perhaps something is wrong with what they had supposed a a natural law as unchangeable as the law of gravity.

Until recently anyone on Broadway who doubted that the "tired business man," after a big dinner, wanted anything else than music, a comedian to laugh at, a lot of wisecracks and a chorus of pretty girls prancing around in expensive costumes, but the less costume the better, was considered crazy. A few years ago Arthur Hammerstein cleared three million dollars profit out of the musical, "Rose-Marie," yet only a few weeks ago he declared himself a bankrupt. Mr. Hammerstein says:

"I still know how to make money in musicals. Make your audiences laugh all you can but send them out crying. The trouble with me is that I did some experimenting, and experimenting is no good in show business."

Even if true, this would explain only Mr. Hammerstein's failures but not account for all the others on both sides of the Atlantic. Broadway's losses on musical comedies and revues this season are estimated at well over $2,000,000, a sum that will probably be doubled when those that are still staggering along, hoping against hope for better luck, finally fold up and write off their losses. These holes in the managerial bank accounts can no longer be recouped by road tours because the "road" has almost ceased to exist.

It is believed by many that the world-wide "flops" of musical comedy is caused by very much the same situation which has made "bathing beauty" pageants a failure—nobody will pay a good round price to see what he can see for nothing. No bathing beauty prize-winner can possibly wear a more attractive or more abbreviated suit than can be seen in every direction up and down one of the popular bathing beaches. No chorus girl can present more attractive appeal than can be seen in greater quantity and greater variety along the beach. Mr. Charles B. Cochran, greatest producer of pretty girl shows in England, thought it would be an attraction to put a chorus in overalls—but overalls and beach pajamas are already common to the eye and were no novelty.

The expensively staged "Smiles" is the outstanding failure of the theatrical year of 1930-31, and is said to have cost its backers between $260,000 and $300,000. "Princess Charming" is believed to have put Connolly and Swanstrom out of pocket an even quarter million, and what shocked them even more was that their hit of last year, "Sons o' Guns," quickly died on the road when it left New York. It had been well advertised, too, because its "French star," Mlle. Gina Malo, was identified by some cruel writers as Miss Janet Flynn, of New York.

When "The Gang's All Here" folded up recently it had lost $240,000. Arthur Hammerstein sank $200,000 in "Luana" and half as much more on "Ballyhoo," which happened to be the last $300,000 he had of his recent $3,000,000. Other losses are estimated as follows: "Brown Bubbles" $100,000 and "Blackbirds" a little more, and the "Second Little Show" something over $150,000. Lyle Andrews does not care to say how deeply the "Vanderbilt Revue" went into the red, but it must have been plenty, because the Erlanger offices estimated the loss on their interest at about $100,000.

The Messrs. Shubert have been frantically reviving, one after another, all the old-time, sure-fire musicals of the past in the hope of keeping their long chains of theatres from closing, but it seems to be "thumbs down" on this sort of entertainment just now. On the other side of the water, Charles B. Cochran, Clayton and Waller and other big British musical producers have taken staggering losses. Why?

One might suspect that the "talkies" had hit them harder than the others, but the truth is they are not rivals at all. The first musical films were such dismal "flops" that Hollywood has practically turned its back on them. The general business depression was a likely villain to suspect, but musical shows used to be the hardiest perennials in the theatre, able to flourish in hard times and even in the dog days of midsummer when nearly all the theatres containing dramas had to "go dark."

Not only have the girls-and-music shows suffered the highest mortality, but those that are still tottering along from week to week on 60 per cent of normal, are only existing by the strictest economy and salary cuts. The stars instead of getting moving picture salaries are accepting as much as 50 per cent cuts and lesser actors 25 per cent. That this is not by any means the result of hard times is shown by the fact that concerts and lectures have not seen such boom times in years.

Mr. Cochran's "1931 Revue" in London was the most lavish production of all, and will probably turn out to be the most expensive failure of all. It was according to the old "tired business man" formula, but even the critics seem to have tired of this at last and many said so. One of them, E. A. Baughan, went so far as to say that the American wisecracks of Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough had become "tiresome old stuff."

After two weeks of wretched business Mr. Cochran posted a closing notice back stage at the London Pavilion, and the most remarkable piece of salary cutting that has ever been known occurred. Miss Ada-May and Clark and McCullough did a generous thing. Realizing that their huge salaries had been paid to put the show over and that they had failed, these stars volunteered to take, not a cut of 50 per cent, as in the United States, but 100 per cent and work for nothing. Mr. Cochran responded by allowing the revue to continue.

To get at the real reason for this condition the American Weekly asked Channing Pollock, veteran playwright, who did write one or two musical shows in the past but has not done so for many years, and is neither interested in them now nor prejudiced. Mr. Pollock was one of the "crazy" people who kept insisting that the public really wanted clean plays with a thought and a message in them and would support them provided they discovered their existence before they failed.

While Eugene O'Neill and others were profitably exploiting sex messes on the solemn pretense that they were deep studies, Mr. Pollock was almost alone, crying in the wilderness of Broadway for serious, clean plays. Every evening, after the theatre, when the sophisticated smart-alecks congregated at the Algonquin to exchange wisecracks and cynicism he was a favorite butt of ridicule for his old-fashioned ideas. Just now, however, he is "turning them away" at his new play, "The House Beautiful," which opened during the deadly Lenten season and, after one awful week of almost no business at all and, in the face of sarcastic notices, proceeded to sell out. No wisecracker can laugh that off. Mr. Pollock said:

"The trouble with the girl-and-music shows is not that the theatre is sick, but that the theatre has been sick and is getting better. It is now sloughing off some of the proud flesh that has been growing on it. In the first place, the business man who goes to the theatre is changing. The old picture of a fat, bald-headed, middle-aged moron, full of food and half full of champagne, was never true of the general run of America's business men. It was and still is true of a certain number of them whose Mecca is the Broadway white light district. These fellows conceal their ignorance of everything in the world except the trick of money-making by sneering at all things serious and applauding attacks on marriage, romance, sentiment, honesty and general decency. This they call 'sophistication,' and they go only to 'sophisticated' shows.

"They can understand a sneer at religion, an off-color joke, an almost nude chorus and an indecent song as well as anyone; but have the right man finds the right woman and then struggles to find the right life so they can marry and live happily together all their lives, without scandal or divorce, is to them 'old stuff,' 'mid-Victorian' and 'unsophisticated.'

"Guided by the newspaper notices, they flock to the 'sophisticated' shows and avoid the others. This little minority that calls itself 'the intelligentsia' of Broadway, has been able by coming in the first two critical weeks to make nasty shows survive, while the clean ones which would be patronized by normal men and women die before such people get around to them. Therefore, the average person who really represents this country hasn't had much choice for some time except to stay away entirely. Yet, in the good old days, 'Florodora' was a clean, beautiful production and so was Mr. Hammerstein's profitable 'Rose-Marie.'

"People follow styles, and the sober, decent-minded ones went to the dubious shows for a while, thinking that it was 'smart' to like them and feeling rather ashamed of themselves for being disgusted. But since the depression a change has come over the patrons of girl-and-music shows. It is not that they haven't any money, but they are thinking, inside the theatre as well as out. It sobers a man up and makes him realize that life is serious when his taxi takes him past a breadline. That sight puts him in no mood to relish a silly, nasty show.

"But the great change is in the type of patrons themselves. Twenty years ago a man who worked with his hands rarely found his way into an expensive girl-and-music show, and the management could afford to ignore his wishes. Now skilled laborers are a considerable part of such audiences, and in my lecture tours I have found them a very thoughtful, clear-headed, serious type of men who want their money's worth and will not pay for piffle. This healthy ingredient in audiences is going to increase. They refuse to pay to see an undressed girl on the stage, because the bathing beaches are so full of them that all curiosity and interest has long since disappeared.

"The bald facts of sex are limited and have been exploited till they are threadbare, but romance has not and never can be. This generation has already begun to make itself felt. An old fogey may still pay five dollars and a half and up to hear profanity on the stage, but modern youth will not because he cannot see that it is worth the money. When he was ten years old he got his fill of that free by merely throwing snowballs at a push cart peddler. Such things today belong only to first and second childhood. The country is growing up, the sale of mental gold bricks is not what it used to be, and the moron's domination of the theatre is about over. Another sign of this is the growth of the little theatres, independent of the theatrical junk professional producers have been putting out.

"There will always be a place for the right sort of musical shows and, I believe, in the future these will flourish as never before when the managers stop aiming exclusively at about half a million know-it-alls and coax back the 120 million real Americans whom they have almost entirely driven out of the theatre by insulting their intelligence and decency."

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Egg Noodles with Sauerkraut

1 Package Mueller's Wide Egg Noodles
4 Cups sauerkraut
1 Teaspoon salt
¼ Teaspoon pepper
1 Pound sausages

Parboil the noodles for 7 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. In a well-greased casserole place a layer of sauerkraut seasoned with salt and pepper, then a layer of noodles. Continue, alternating until used up, allowing the noodles to form the top layer. On this place the sausages, each pricked with a fork. Cover casserole; bake in a moderate oven one hour. If vegetable dish is required, sausage may be omitted.

MUELLER'S

EGG NOODLES

Largest Selling Brand in America . . . and why

Mueller supremacy was not achieved by accident. American housewives prefer Mueller's Egg Noodles—and all Mueller's Macaroni Products—above any other brand because they are *better* products—more tender, more tasty, lighter and fluffier. It's *what* they are made of and *how* they are made that have won for Mueller's the distinction of being America's largest selling brand of macaroni products. If you are not yet acquainted with the greater deliciousness and healthfulness of these fine foods, you owe it to yourself and to your family to try a package today. Your grocer has Mueller's or can get it for you.

Mueller's Macaroni, Spaghetti and Elbow Macaroni are made from farina—the heart of the wheat. Mueller's Egg Noodles contain only selected fresh eggs and a choice blend of flour. Avoid overcooking. Follow the directions on the Mueller package and boil for 9 minutes—though 1 or 2 minutes more may be allowed for extra tenderness.

free

As a Change from Potatoes

MACARONI
EGG NOODLES
ELBOW MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
COOKED SPAGHETTI

C. F. Mueller Co., Dept. M.,
Jersey City, N. J.

Please send, without cost or obligation to me, a copy of the Mueller Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

Name .....

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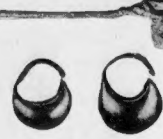
Town ..... State .....

Jewelry of the Ladies of King Nebuchadnezzar's Harem

A Mysterious Ornament of Copper With Three Birds That Appear to Be Geese. Probably Used on the Headdress of One of Nebuchadnezzar's Women.



Gold Earrings of a Favorite of Nebuchadnezzar.

A Smaller Pair of Her Earrings With Pendants.

A Pair of Curiously Modern Golden Earrings, Worn by One of King Nebuchadnezzar's Harem Ladies 3,000 Years Ago.

A Necklace of Carnelian, Lapis-Lazuli and Beads, With a Queer Animal Head at Its Clasp. Found at Kish in the Grave of a Harem Woman.

The Spades of the Archeologists Turn Up in Ancient Kish the Golden Earrings, Bracelets, Necklaces and Other Ornaments of 180 Beauties Who Delighted the Eyes of the Grass-Eating Old Monarch of Biblical History

Court of the Royal Palace at Kish, Showing in the Far Centre Fragments of the Foundations of an Altar.

The Head of a Woman of Nebuchadnezzar's Time Found in the Royal Palace of Kish. The Features Are Those of a Sumerian.

The Only Known Picture of Nebuchadnezzar, a Babylonian Boundary Stone Containing His Figure.

The Sculptured Head of a Woman Found in the Ruins of the Royal Palace at Kish, Which, Although of a Later Date Than Nebuchadnezzar, May Have Been Copied From Some Earlier Bust of One of His Queens.

JEWELRY which adorned the beautiful women of old King Nebuchadnezzar's harem 2,500 years ago has been turned up by the spades of archeologists working among the ruins of the ancient city of Kish, not far from Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar, readers of the Bible will recall, was the luxury-loving King of Babylon who was cursed by Jehovah and went about on all fours for seven months eating grass "as oxen . . . till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws."

Nebuchadnezzar had one hundred and eighty wives and concubines at Kish. If anyone wonders how their number can be known at this late day, clay tablets inscribed with the curious cuneiform writing of the time have been dug up at Babylon and Kish which give details of the maintenance of this harem. The old King kept another harem at Babylon, but not so large a one. His favorite women seem to have lived at Kish, which was only ten miles away from the capital. There was a splendid road to it and Nebuchadnezzar could reach it in one of his chariots in less than an hour.

There, he could enjoy himself with beauties culled from all over the known world, each of them skilled in music, dancing and other arts which would divert his mind from the cares of state. He had a good religious reason for going, also, because at Kish was a magnificent temple to the Moon Goddess, one of his favorite deities. The Moon Goddess encouraged the kind of parties Nebuchadnezzar liked, with plenty of fine wine, song, and kindred diversions.

The recent interesting discoveries were made by the joint expedition of the Field Museum, Chicago, and Oxford University, England, under the direction of Professor Stephen Langdon. Golden earrings and bracelets set with the precious stones of the time, brooches and other ornaments of solid gold, necklaces of beads and semi-precious stones, all of them once adornments of the old King's pampered darlings, were found. Much of the jewelry is strikingly modern in design, and would not seem out of place in the showcases of a jeweler of today.

Boxes and vases that once held the cosmetics and perfumes of these gay ladies who relieved the mind of Nebuchadnezzar from the strain of looking after his wide empire, were discovered with the jewelry. The perfumes and ointments had been brought by caravans from Arabia and by ships from Egypt, and many men did nothing else but see that the harem's supply was kept up and that the goods were the finest and rarest.

Nebuchadnezzar could well afford to give the women who pleased him anything they might desire. He had under his hand all the territory now taken in by Irak, or Persia and Arabia, Syria and the Holy Land. This territory was some 750 miles wide and 450 miles deep and covered an area of 337,500 square miles—about two-and-a-half times as wide as New York State, and one-and-a-half times as deep. It was, however, thickly populated and contained many rich cities.

The tribute paid him amounted to many millions of dollars yearly. It was brought in the form of gold, silver and copper, jewels and ivory and rare woods, wines and incense and other articles regarded at the time as precious. Part of it was in beautiful women, princesses or daughters of nobles, often from countries which, although not acknowledging Nebuchadnezzar's sovereignty, thought it just as well to be on good terms with the powerful monarch.

Often these women were picked with the idea of influencing by their charms the political purposes of the King. Frequently they acted as spies, sending their royal papas secret information about Nebuchadnezzar's designs which they had wheedled out of him.

The jewelry and toilet articles were found in graves that held the crumbling bones of the women whose beauty had delighted the monarch. The rings are as a rule heavier than those worn today, and often have engraved upon their seals symbols connected with the worship of the Moon Goddess which would not be likely to be worn by modern women. But the earrings, bracelets, brooches and hair ornaments are startingly up-to-date in design.

Copper seems to have been considered at least a semi-precious metal, for a number of ornaments made of it have been found. One of them, a photograph of which is shown on this page, belonged apparently to a headdress, but its exact use is in doubt.

When Nebuchadnezzar visited his harem, his ladies put on their finest ornaments. They did not have diamonds, rubies or pearls. They liked jewelry of pure gold in which were set bits of fine enamel, or small amethysts, jacinths and similar semi-precious stones. Their necklaces were of gold, and of beads strung on gold wire. They were fond of wearing many bracelets on both arms and legs. They painted their cheeks, crimsoned their lips, and darkened their eyelids with a black paste called kohl to heighten the brilliancy of their eyes.

Nebuchadnezzar did not dance with his gay ladies, not even when he became very drunk. It simply wasn't done in those days. His ladies danced for him while he lay back upon a soft divan drinking fine wines cooled by snow brought from the distant mountains by swiftly running relays of slaves.

Although "ballroom" dancing was unknown to the women of ancient Kish, there was plenty of what we now call "classical" dancing. Long before Nebuchadnezzar was born the race known as Sumerians ruled Kish. They were a gaiety-loving people.

Every celebration of war victories, every religious observance, every seasonal festival was followed by dancing on the part of the girls and young women. As these fetes and festivals were fairly frequent, the girls got plenty of chance to strut their steps. Not infrequently the celebrations wound up in rather wild parties, in which men and women, excited by the twanging of many seven-string harps and inflamed with wine, date juice beer and even "harder" drinks, joined in hysterical orgies somewhat like the later disgraceful scenes of degenerate Athens and Rome.

These festivals generally started with a long procession in which all joined, the harpists in the vanguard, just as brass bands lead our parades. Then came the king and his court, the priests and their attendants, followed by nobles, soldiers and citizens according to rank. Flower-bedecked girls and children played no small part in the processions.

After the formal ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, dancing, feasting and drinking would begin. These festivals might be in honor of one of the gods, celebration of a new king or war victory, or tribute paid to a bountiful harvest. In fact, every new quarter of the moon called for a minor festival, and apparently the gods never tired of serving as the occasion for these celebrations.

The Moon Goddess, whom Nebuchadnezzar worshiped, was an invention of the Sumerians. One of his sisters, it has recently been discovered, was a high priestess of this deity.

Women who did not want to marry found their chief occupation as priestesses in the Temples of the Moon Goddess, the forerunners of the Greek and Roman Vestal Virgins. But Sumerian temple priestesses were always treated with the utmost respect and veneration. They never degenerated into the daughters of joy who filled the temples of Greece and Rome in their decadent days.

The Sumerian laws protecting women were later embodied in the Code of Hammurabi, the great Babylonian Emperor, and formed the basis of the principles found in the Bible and in our modern laws.

Nebuchadnezzar's harem ladies wore finest silks and gold, and their perfumes and unguents were of the rarest, but they had no monopoly of the art of feminine adornment. The women and demure girls when they promenaded the brick-laid streets of Kish to catch the eye of warriors returned from expeditions against the Semites to the north or the Elamites to the east, painted their faces with vegetable rouges, did up their hair with copper pins and shell combs, and wore flounced skirts of wool. Before setting out they had bathed their bodies with unguents and had made up their faces and fixed their hair with the aid of brightly polished copper hand-mirrors. They then put on necklaces and bracelets of copper and ivory, fastened pretty shell brooches in their bodices and secured their woolen garments about them with long, shining copper pins.

The illness from which Nebuchadnezzar suffered was a nervous disorder brought on by his excesses. It is a condition familiar to modern medical science. It lasted, apparently, for four years. Inscriptions of the time show that for that period he took no part in public affairs, but after it returned to rule over the Babylonian Empire as before.

One of the disease's early symptoms is sleeplessness, or if the patient does sleep he is tormented by dreadful dreams and nightmares. It is told in the Book of Daniel that the king suffered these torments. In the words of the Bible: "Nebuchadnezzar dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep broke from him" (Daniel II:1).

Another symptom is an insane egotism, and as to this the Bible recites that Nebuchadnezzar set up an immense image of gold "whose height was threescore cubits and the breadth thereof six cubits," and compelled everyone to worship it. If these dimensions are correct, the image was ninety feet tall and nine feet thick. Whether he made it in his own likeness, the Bible does not say, but the fact that he compelled everyone to worship it under penalty of death is a proof of crazy egotism.

The remaining symptom, his walking on all fours and eating grass is an extreme one. The sufferer believes that he is some kind of animal. This phase of the disease is known as "Lycanthropy," meaning a condition in which a man thinks himself a wolf. From it has arisen the legends of were-wolves and vampires which suck the blood of human beings. Those afflicted run about on all fours like an animal, and if they think themselves wolves or other savage beasts they behave like them. Nebuchadnezzar, fortunately for his subjects, believed himself a placid ox and contented himself with eating grass and not human flesh.

He who had ruled with a mighty hand, and had laughed at fate, found, after the soft couches of his harem and the luxurious feasts in his palace, only the wild roamings in the fields, trying to gnaw at the grass, neglecting the simplest care of having his hair clipped and his nails trimmed. He was a beast in feeling, and for seven months lost all count of time.

Yet Nebuchadnezzar must have been a man with a remarkable physical constitution, for notwithstanding all his fighting, his drinking and other excesses, and even though he had been insane he lived to be eighty-three years old, passing on his great empire to descendants who were unable to hold it together, as he had done.

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A Tale of Thwarted Ambition with an Unusually Happy Ending

"I can hardly believe it's the same room." (*The pattern she selected was "Sultana"—No. 641.*)

ONE of our earlier advertisements in the magazine you are reading was responsible for this tale.

The young wife—who is the heroine of the story—lives on the same street with most of us. That is, she does her own work. Her husband gets home at quarter past six. And they budget their modest income, learning in this way, if nothing else, the difference between facts and figures.

Always she found the nice things of life just out of reach. (*That income!*) Possibly she was wrong, but hers was a settled conviction that to have a lovely home is a woman's natural right.

But how? (*That income again!*) Sometimes even the cheeriest soul gets discouraged.

Then she saw the advertisement mentioned above, and investigated Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs. Their low price, appealing beauty, and what she learned about their ease of cleaning rather took her breath away. (*But facts are not to be denied.*)

Here, at last, was her chance—for the living-room did need fixing up so badly. Naturally an artistic little person, she quickly selected a Congoleum Rug to match the decorations and furnishings. Then she got busy with that living-room—very. A flying paint brush, a flicking needle, a deft touch here and there, furniture moved around—everything just seemed to fall naturally into the new arrangement. And finally, the Congoleum Gold Seal Rug in place.

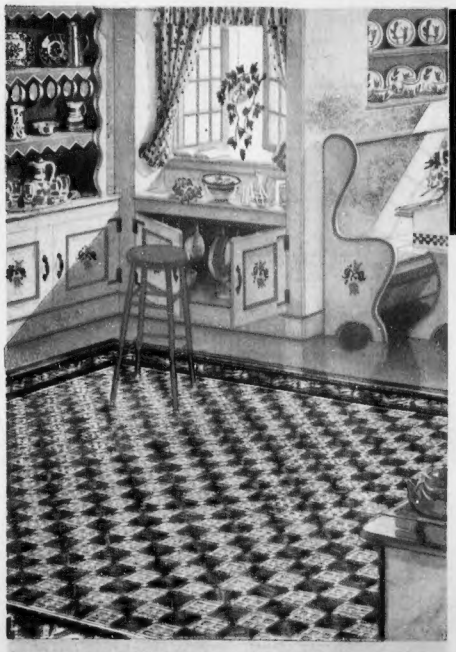
At quarter past six her husband came home and for a moment thought he was in the wrong house—absolutely.

It was a great evening!

Her name? Well, confidentially . . . her name is *Legion.*

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, N. J.
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

"MINGTOY"—The charming simplicity of this room has been enhanced by a colorful rug of Chinese inspiration. The rich vase border forms a pleasing frame for novel "good luck" emblems. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 639.



"SAVOY"—A green and white tile rug that will add an air of spick and span cheerfulness to any kitchen and breakfast-nook. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 634.

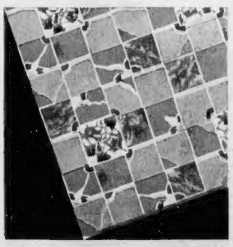
CONGOLEUM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

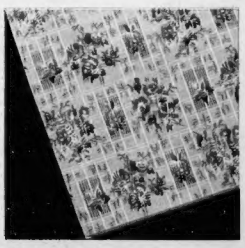
GOLD SEAL RUGS

AND CONGOLEUM BY-THE-YARD

JUST a word of caution. All genuine Gold Seal Congoleum—whether rugs or all-over floor-covering—has the Gold Seal Money-Back Guarantee pasted right on the face of the pattern. This famous Gold Seal, which is reproduced above, is your absolute assurance that you are getting the original, easy-to-clean, sanitary floor-covering. If the rug—or all over floor-covering you buy—hasn't the Gold Seal, it isn't Congoleum. Don't be satisfied with a substitute for the genuine!



Tiles of blue and gray with occasional splashes of yellow create an especially pleasing effect. Congoleum By-the-Yard Pattern No. 995.



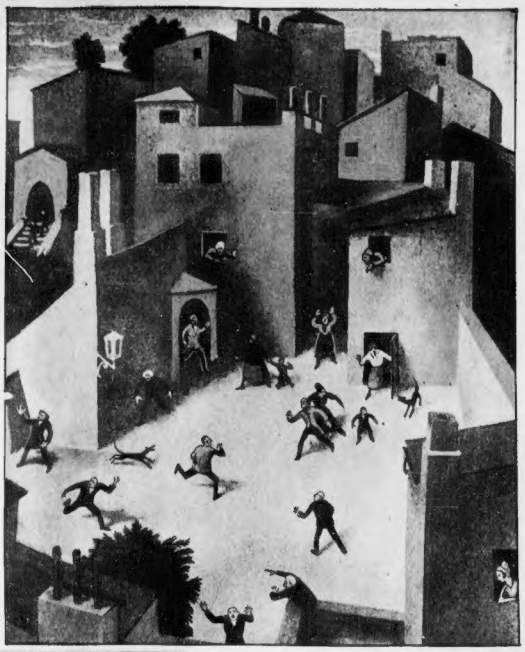
This is one of the gayest little patterns we've seen. Observe the delicate trellis and vine motif. Congoleum By-the-Yard Pattern No. 801.

"EVANGELINE"—Charmingly French and much in vogue is this delightful "story-book" pattern. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 640.

Another Self-Taught Artist

The Art World of Europe Astonished at the Admirable Technique and Powerful Imagination in the Paintings by Dr. Franz Sedlacek, an Austrian Engineer, Who Never Took a Lesson

"The Adventurer," a Phantasmagoria Symbolizing the Artist's Idea That This Courageous Adventurer Is Trying to Follow a Path Already Strewn With the Remains of Those Who Have Preceded Him Along the Futile and Fatal Road.



"Scandal and Hullabaloo." Here the Artist Sounds a Humorous and Satirical Note as He Portrays Everybody Rushing About, Heads Out of Windows, and Even the Children and the Dogs Caught in the Whirl of Excitement.

READERS of the American Weekly will recall a recent page of grotesque paintings by Jean Pierre Viollier, the French artist, who never took an art lesson and is now held in high esteem as one of the great modern painters of France.

Still more recently some reproductions of paintings appeared in these columns from the hand of an African jungle savage, whose vivid pictures astonished the European art world—pictures painted on coarse jute cloth used for wrapping cotton bales, and the colors made from house paints he begged from a colonist.

And now another self-taught painter, who never took a lesson in art, has attracted considerable attention by his remarkable imaginative work, some examples of which are shown on this page today. The new artist is Franz Sedlacek, Doctor of Sciences, and during his working hours he toils as a civil employee in Vienna. As a relief from this routine of exact and real facts, he taught himself, in his spare time, to paint, and he goes in for weird, ghostly and imaginative themes.

Most of these self-taught painters reveal a crudeness of technique like the futurists and cubists and win interest, in spite of such faults, solely by their crazy and bizarre ideas. But the most surprising thing about Sedlacek is that he has somehow schooled himself very well in the fundamentals of painting which usually can only be learned at art school. His dogs, trees and men really look like dogs, trees and men.

For instance, "The Adventurer" can be understood by anybody. The man with lantern in one hand and a naked sword in the other is entering a vaulted tunnel. Above him hang bats—signs that he is the first to have penetrated the black passage in a long time. On both sides are grinning skeletons and the floor is heaped with human bones. Before him yawns a black pit.

With sword ready, legs wide apart, prepared to jump to either side, and eyes popping, the adventurer shows that he expects death to dart at him from any direction. He knows that the bones are those of previous adventurers who got that far and died. But he also knows that after enough human lives have been paid on any great venture, some bold heart usually wins through, and maybe he is the destined one. So, alert, anxious but undaunted, he is going on—to what?

"Coming Home at Night." As the Whoopee Maker Throws Open the Door, There Are Shown the Household Assemblage With Lugubrious Faces, a Forbidding Welcome.

"Coming Home at Night" is not ghostly, but ghastly; so much so that one feels sympathy for the young ne'er-do-well who, after an evening of whoopee, opens the front door to face a reception committee of his family and relatives sitting up for him. The picture is painted as seen through the eyes of the young roisterer, quite normal and natural. What strikes him as inhuman and dreadful are the ominous faces of the family.

That he sees little but these faces and their meaning is indicated by their monstrous size. They are the color of death—death to his ambitions of continuing along the primrose path. He knows that he is to be court-martialled and can read the verdict in advance in their dreadful expressions, each a study in itself.

There is not a ray of hope or mercy in any. No doubt the youth deserves what is coming to him, for a family does not usually sit in judgment on a youthful member until his behavior has become pretty bad, and yet the reaction is one of sympathy for the young man stepping into such an awful assemblage. Few artists can strike the observer with such a powerful impression.

Art experts are specially impressed by Sedlacek's "Ghost Above the Trees," because he has produced such a strong emotional effect with great simplicity. Under a cold moonlit sky a human figure floats above the tree-tops. It is a ghost, but what a ghost! All the conventional tricks of art, such as a soaring posture, a transparent figure or a death's-head skull, are absent. Death is indicated in an entirely novel manner. The figure is solid, but floating in an attitude as if in water rather than air, and gives the impression of movement in a sort of circle.

Nine persons out of ten guess at once that this is the spirit of a man who committed suicide by drowning in deep water, and such was the artist's thought. It takes a genius to put over such a thought so simply and yet powerfully, and it should be noticed that its trees and snow-covered ground are the work of an artist who knows his medium.

Sedlacek, like most people who have toured the country roads at night, was impressed by the sudden glimpses of action revealed and lost, in the twinkling of an eye, when the lights of a car flash around a corner or breast a rise in the road. He has painted several canvases of these subjects, including "The Fugitive," a vivid piece of light and color. In this a figure, leaping from the dark over a stile into the road, is betrayed unexpectedly by the glare of light from an oncoming automobile.

An instant later, no doubt, a hollow in the road dropped the lights out of range, and when they rose again the fugitive was gone, leaving only that snap-shot on the painter's memory and mystery as to whether the man had taken a human life, stolen a wife or merely robbed a chicken roost.

In "Scandal and Hullabaloo" the artist sounds a humorous and satirical note. Here Sedlacek has caught the confused and ridiculous spectacle given by people when there is a sudden uproar in the night. Men, women and children running about, windows thrown open, heads popping out, questions asked and answered all wrong. People are pointing in different directions, and even the dogs join in the confusion and excitement, ignorant as their masters of what it is all about.

In the upper left corner are seen two stealthy figures descending stairs. They alone seem to know what they are about, and presumably are the guilty cause of the uproar, quietly making their escape observed by nobody. Cats are night-prowlers who belong in such scenes fully as much as dogs, and are more mysterious; yet for some reason they do not appeal to the artist, who seldom uses them.

In "The Treasure-Seekers," for once, the painter has made an exception and left the story not entirely evident. Something has startled the man in the hole and excited his two companions above, yet he is looking upward at the face of the lantern-bearer. Perhaps he has sunk his pick into a coffin or turned up a skeleton, but the conventional, spectral guardian of treasure is not in evidence.

A curious detail is the dog, nearby but not sharing in the excitement of the three men. This may have been another of those flashes glimpsed from a passing car. In that case, the artist has simply put down on canvas what he saw, and knows no more of what startled the three mysterious diggers than does the observer.

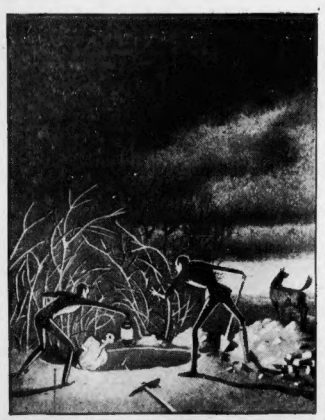
Dr. Sedlacek neither received any art lessons nor did he ever study the works of other painters. He is nearly forty years old and began his art career by merely scrawling childish pencil drawings for fun. These first crude efforts he corrected and improved entirely by experiment and practice. After he had learned to sketch fairly well, he tried color in crayons and finally promoted himself to working in oils. His formula for becoming a self-made artist is simple. He says:

"I just try to paint what I see in my mind. If it does not look that way on the canvas I know it is wrong, and keep trying to correct it until I find that I am getting no nearer to my mind-picture. Then I know that I have done as well as I can and consider that picture finished. Of course, it is never quite what I meant it to be, but few things are equal to expectations.

"I do this work entirely for my own pleasure, but it is a great satisfaction to know that others get my ideas. It seems to me that there is no excuse for a painter, any more than a writer, who cannot be understood. It is their business to be easily and clearly understood, and it is nobody's fault but their own if they are not. Obscure painters, sculptors, writers, even poets, ought to be doing something else; they are bad craftsmen."

Kalifala Sidibe, the African savage previously referred to, was also self-taught. He was poor but happy, with just one wife, no possessions but plenty of leisure, until white men started to invade the vicinity. From them he begged odds and ends of the white man's house paints, made brushes of his own, and, to everyone's surprise, started painting on burlap bags men, snakes, lions and most anything else he had ever seen. They were so forceful and novel in composition that his fame spread to Europe, and in time he sold some of his "canvases" for several hundred dollars in all.

This was a huge fortune in his locality, and with his sudden wealth he bought extra wives. In addition, he switched from his native home-made alcoholic drinks to whiskey and in a year died of delirium tremens. But his fame as the great African self-taught artist remains, and many come to view his grave and the hut where he worked with house paints.



"The Treasure-Seekers" Is Not Quite Plain to the Observer. Something Has Happened to Startle the Man Who Is Digging the Hole and Excite His Companions on the Ground Above. But the Conventional Spook or Spectral Guardian of the Treasure Is Not Shown by the Artist.

"The Fugitive." A Vivid Piece of Light and Color. The Fugitive Is Apparently Suddenly Revealed by the Headlight of an Automobile as He Leaps the Fence Into the Highway.

"A Ghost Above the Trees." This Extraordinary Spectral Conception in the Dim Moonlight, With the Black Trees Silhouetted Against the Snow, Has Been Much Discussed by the Art World Abroad.

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The New Chevrolet Convertible Cabriolet

Chevrolet has more ball bearings than any other car at or near its price

Although the Chevrolet Six is one of the lowest priced of all cars, no expense or care has been spared to make it an unusually smooth running automobile. In its chassis there are more fine ball bearings than in any other car in America at or near its price. Nothing rolls like a ball; and, therefore, a New Departure ball bearing is placed at every location where friction must be reduced to a minimum. No bearings are more accurately made, of finer, more costly, more enduring materials than New Departures. They are so designed as to assume naturally the loads and stresses of car operation—and at the same time transmit engine power with the least possible loss. They contribute smoothness, easy handling and alert response to Chevrolet performance. And their extremely long life and freedom from repair or adjustment bring a minimum of upkeep to Chevrolet ownership. The liberal use of these fine ball bearings throughout the chassis of the new Chevrolet typifies the quality that exists in every part of this attractive low-priced Six. Investigate the many fine-car features and the excellent performance of this car and you will find that unusual quality and great economy of operation mark Chevrolet as the Great American Value.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

New Low Prices—Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Convertible Landau Phaeton, $650. Special equipment extra. Chevrolet Truck Chassis, $355 to $590. Low delivered prices and easy terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Hard-Boiled Women Bandits

Ferocious Girl Gangsters Who Help Torture Victims, Laughing at Their Agonies, and Occasional Solitary Robbers Who Work Disguised as Men

Sally Scott, Alias Dorcas Bacon, Detroit Gun-Girl. On One Arm Is Tattooed a Design and the Words, "The Godless Girl," and on the Other a Skull Pierced With a Dagger, With the Inscription, "Death Before Dishonor."

Anita del Vallee, 19-Year-Old Lone Bandit, Disguised as a Man.

Stripping Off Dr. Bigall's Shoes and Stockings, the Bandit Leader Held the Lighted End of His Cigarette Against the Victim's Feet to Make Him Disclose Where His Money and Jewelry Were Hidden. And as the Glowing Coal Became Dim, One of the Women of the Gang Passed Him Another and Another, Keeping the Cigarettes Glowing Hot—As a Plumber's Assistant Fans the Furnace and Passes the Hot Soldering Irons to His Boss.

Margarite Bayne, Chicago Solitary Bandit, Who Always Laughed With a Raucous Voice When She Stuck a Gun Into the Face of a Victim—And This Peculiar Laugh Finally Betrayed Her.

Miss Jackie Bayne, of Denver, Who Was Betrayed to the Police by One of the Gang Whom She Threw Out Because He Was Not Tough Enough to Suit Her.

Miss Jacqueline Moret in the Clothes in Which She Masqueraded as a Man. With Cigar in Mouth, as She Performed Her Robberies.

OMBROSO, the celebrated Italian criminologist, said, and the scientific world believed him, that woman was unsulted for crimes of violence.

She could and did commit murder, in moments of passion, but planned, cold-blooded crimes of violence for profit, such as burglaries, hold-ups and assassinations, could only be done efficiently by men. Until recently the underworld showed itself in full accordance with this plausible theory. A few brilliant exceptions, such as Sophie Lyons and "Chicago May" Churchill, who actually rose to gang leadership, only proved the general rule that the "weaker sex" was to be kept strictly in the background.

bored reasons were well known. Didn't hospitody know that women were ment...? They might lose their heads bette... cal moments; they were "soft" expe... is sought faint or scream if it became nece...sary to murder a watchman or shoo... some woman to make her re... out... where the jewels were hidden; and if caught, the police might trick them into telling something. But the chief reason was that being sentimental, a woman might become affectionately interested in some male member of the gang, thereby stirring up jealousy and disrupting the organization.

But things seem to be operating in the underworld today differently. Not only are women active partners but in a few cases they seem to be the real leaders, furnishing the cool nerve and managing the details of the hold-ups. And not only that, but there recently have been discovered a number of solo girl women bandits, who "work on grift own," single-handed. And in this high development of the partnership with men in crime, two things stand out prominently—most of the women tient...ng women and they seem to be ation... cruel and bloodthirsty as the and... fortable of these lone, feminine wolves people... successfully on taxi drivers. Their found... it to hail a car in the city just of the... theatres are letting out and give genia... a ride in the suburbs. As the driver to de... ...ssing un-suspectingly through an ex... ...ected section he feels a cold togeth... at the back of his neck and Hume... his passenger ordering him to men... and get out. When he has obeyed she robs him of his day's receipts and makes him lift up the hood of the car while she expertly puts it out of commission. This done, she leaves him.

Sally Scott, alias Dorcas Bacon, of Detroit, was an eighteen-year-old nurse girl, pretty, soft-spoken and employed by some of the wealthiest families of fashionable Grosse Point until a few weeks ago. Then she decided to go in for a career of crime. Why live on the small wages of a nurse girl when juries are so lenient and prisons have become hardly more than revolving doors for convicted criminals? But Sally was too ambitious. She wanted to get rich quick and become a master criminal without joining any gang or serving apprenticeship in the business of crime.

So she got herself a pistol, which is easy enough for anyone except an honest person, and set out. A tough-looking man in a roadster invited her to take a ride and the young girl accepted. The stranger's plans were entirely amatory, but she flashed a gun, brushed them aside and suggested that they rob a store instead. The man was persuaded and they lost no time in getting to work. In her confession she said:

"We drove out Jefferson Avenue until we came to the drug store where I pulled my first attempt. I got $25 without any trouble and last night I tried the second job. I told the men to put up their hands and they ducked behind the counter. I was so mad I fired two shots and then left. My companion was so scared that he objected to going further. I gave him a shove and started for a restaurant down the street, where I held up the waiters and robbed the cash register."

It was here that Sally's lack of experience got her into trouble for she should have laid low for a while. The clerks in the drug store had meanwhile given the police an excellent description of the young gun-girl with her fur coat and modish hat. Police cars, known as "scout-cruisers," were scurrying about the city looking for her and when she stepped out of the restaurant one of them spotted her. Sally ran up a side street, but was captured.

At police headquarters it was found that under her fur coat she was wearing a man's blue shirt, the sleeves rolled up and a pleated riding skirt. On her right arm was tattooed a snake and the words, "The Godless Girl." On her left arm appeared the noble motto, "Death Before Dishonor," together with a skull and dagger. The police asked if their prisoner would mind explaining the sentiments behind these decorations. Sally didn't mind at all.

"I had the 'Godless Girl' tattooed on my arm because I never have had any friends and I really don't believe in God," she said. "My mother and father were divorced when I was very young and I never have had any home.

"I had 'Death Before Dishonor' tattooed on my other arm because I never could let a friend down. I wanted to help people. When I was sixteen, a boy took me to a speakeasy and attacked me. I swore I never would marry after that, although at times I have thought I might marry a cripple so I could care for him."

The trouble with the "godless girl" was that she was also a gangless girl and missed the political influence that gang affiliations would give her. But, after she has served the two to ten years the court sentenced her to prison, she will come out with a certain amount of reputation for nerve and should become an acceptable addition to most any band of scoundrels.

That women criminals are "softies" who would faint at the sight of torture, is an unjust charge as proved by the callous behavior of two of them who assisted in the recent robbing and torturing of Dr. Edmund Bigall, a dentist of Hollis, Long Island. Dr. Bigall, his young wife and his mother-in-law were putting the car into their private garage, shortly after midnight when a bandit with a revolver stepped from behind a bush and two others sauntered up from a parked car across the street. The bandit ordered the three into the house and made them turn on all the lights.

When this had been done, the door bell rang. One of the bandits opened the door and admitted two young girls who insisted that the radio be turned on. To the sounds of somebody's saxophone Dr. Bigall was relieved of $18 and a ring. One of the women seeing a diamond bracelet on his wife's wrist tore it off, slipped it on her own and proudly exhibited it to everyone. The "gun moll," then went upstairs, ransacked the bedroom and dressed themselves in the best stockings and lingerie they could find and Mrs. Bigall's new fur coat. They had also opened up a jewelled lavaliere and $15 more in cash.

The dentist meanwhile had refused to reveal where he kept his money and other valuables, so his wife and mother-in-law were taken upstairs by one of the male bandits while the other two removed his shoes and stockings. To make him tell they applied the hot ends of cigarettes to his bare feet. At each cigarette threatened to go out from contact with his scorched flesh the male bandits would pass it to one of their girl friends, who, like a plumber's helper heating the soldering iron, fanned it back to a red glow with the breath from their rouged lips.

Far from fainting or screaming at the torture, these girls exchanged amused remarks at the victim's "funny" expressions and spoke to keep from laughing when women folk by screaming in his pain. Finally the dentist leaped up and snatched his telephone, but the bandits and their girls only laughed, for they had cut the wires. However, Dr. Bigall employed that moment when his tormenters were off guard to leap out the open window, and in spite of a couple of shots fired after him reached a neighbor's house. Before police, summoned on the telephone, could arrive the bandit party had escaped with its plunder in their car.

Anita del Vallee, nineteen years old, went about Texas and other parts of the South assisting James Little, a well-known bandit, in his work until the police put James away for a while. Anita then "took up the racket herself." Finding that men were less inclined to take a woman bandit seriously, she put on men's clothes and for many months collected as much money as the lamented James had done. Then she, too, was caught, not through any fault in her hold-up technique, but because a sharp-eyed policematron saw through her disguise when she was jailed in a general roundup of pool-room loungers.

Margarite Bayne, pretty 21-year-old Chicago girl, found the terrified faces of the ticket sellers on the Chicago elevated so funny when she stuck a gun in their faces and made them turn over their cash that she always laughed merrily. It was a peculiar laugh, and her victims invariably imitated it when they told their story to the police.

Gayly Margarite went on robbing, laughing and getting away with it until late one night as she was going home, a kindly policeman advised her to get off the streets because hold-up men and other tough characters were aboard who might harm a nice little girl. This struck the lady bandit so funny that she broke into her characteristic laugh which sounded so much like the one he had heard described that the policeman took the laugher in.

Alice La Fevre, girl bandit of Long Beach, California, was so proud of her crimes that she could not resist keeping a diary of them and clipping which proved entertaining to A... when the police found them. Her first job was to get two young men drunk and steal from them the tools of her trade, a pistol and a flashlight. Next she needed a car and her second job was to steal one. The third, logically enough, was to hold up and rob a filling station. Next she collected nearly the contents of a ring store's till and after the police spoiled everything by making period... quel no More a woman bandit of the West who wore men's clothes and smoke... came to grief when she held up a small... nothing daunted at Casper, Wyoming, she made the mistake of ordering the proprietor into the rear room while she first finding out if there was a rear. There was. Picking up... and the proprietor was... ...ered the shop and held up a bandit.

The police of Denver, Colorado, were horrified to learn that a college for educating the young of the... in all the latest... of crime was running in their city. When they raided this educational institution, they found its president was a woman, Miss Jackie Bayne. She might have gone on indefinitely teaching the young idea to shoot if it had not been for one of her pupils. The young man did not please his teachers and the president told him he would never get anywhere in the crime business nor bring credit to his alma mater. Finally she called him a "sissie" and fired him. The "sissie" was so hurt that he went right around to the police and told his troubles.

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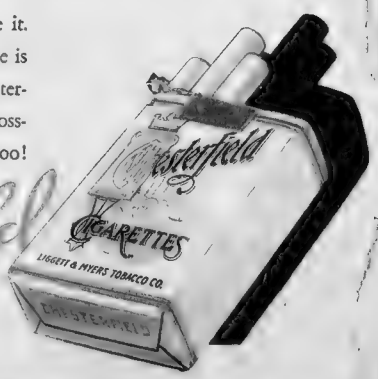

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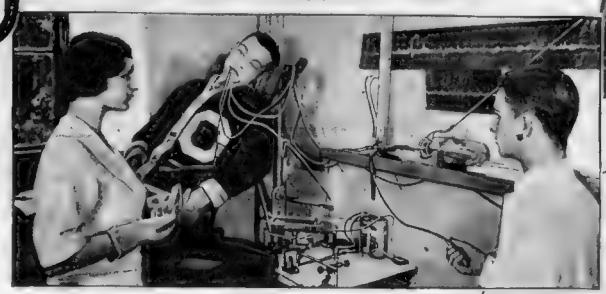
Why Patients Get Well Quicker at Home

Doctors Beginning to Realize That Contentment of Mind and Happy Surroundings Profoundly Influence the Recovery of the Sick, While the Gloomy Hospital Atmosphere May Turn the Scale Away From Recovery

In the Crowded Wards Children Are Homesick and Unhappy in the Strange Surroundings and Their Recovery Retarded in the Longing for Home and Familiar Faces.

Convalescing at Home in the Big Rocking Chair With His Own Toys and Listening to the Sounds Familiar to His Ears.



Photograph of an Experiment in the Colgate College Psychological Laboratory, Where the Subject Is Tested Out for the Effect of Pleasant or Disagreeable Tasting Foods. The Wretchedly Cooked, Flavorless Meals in Most Hospitals Delay Convalescence of Patients Whose Appetites Are Capricious

Mrs. Herbert M. Harriman, Wife of the Well Known New York Banker and Club Man. This Young Woman Nursed Mr. Harriman Through an Illness and Made His Stay in the Hospital So Happy That His Recovery Was Speeded Up and He Married His Nurse.

Doctors Recognize the Fact That Many of Their Patients Suffer From Imaginary Diseases and That It Is Entirely Possible for a Person to Think Themselves Into or Think Themselves Out of an Ailment. The Photograph Above Shows a Native Practitioner Sucking the Devils Out of the Patient's Ear to Relieve Pains in the Head.

WHEN the doctor has written his prescription to be filled at the drug store he has not done his full duty to his patient — there is more to be considered in medical treatment than "pills and potions." The human patient has a mind as well as a body and this mind influences profoundly the speed and perfection of the patient's recovery. Indeed, whether the patient lives or dies after a surgical operation may depend on whether it was performed in the congenial atmosphere of his own home or inside the bleak walls of a hospital.

These unusual assertions were made recently in London by Dr. J. Basil Hume, a surgeon at the great St. Batholomew Hospital in his address before the Hampstead Medical Society. Repair of the human body by surgery must not be regarded, he urged, as mere carpentry, like fixing a broken chair. Indeed, Dr. Hume asserted, the medical profession may well realize that perhaps the best thing for a convalescent patient in the hospital may be to have a pretty nurse to flit about the beds of susceptible male patients.

In former times surgical operations, maternity cases and the most serious diseases were attended by medical men in the patient's home. But of late years doctors and surgeons have labored to persuade patients to go to hospitals for treatment. The argument is that there is better equipment, better nursing and better results to be expected in a hospital. While there is some truth in this, there is no good reason, in most cases, why the patient should not be operated on or nursed out of his illness in his own home.

It is the convenience of the doctor which is really the main reason for dragging sick people out of their homes to hospitals. If the doctor can make a dozen or more patients move to one building, he can go the rounds in an hour or so and have the rest of the day free for office practice, or visiting patients who refuse to go to the hospital. If his patients are scattered here and there around town, it is an inconvenience to the medical man. There is also a growing disposition to persuade patients, especially maternity cases, to go to private hospitals or sanitariums. In many instances, the doctor has a financial interest in these private institutions. And many of these private hospitals, which charge very high prices, provide poor nursing and wretched meals.

In a happy, congenial home the patient recovering from a surgical operation has around him all the persons and belongings which make him comfortable and keep him interested. Many people, on the other hand, have a profound dread of hospitals. If, on top of this, the hospital nurse is unconcerned or irritable that may be enough to delay the patient's recovery or even, in extreme instances, turn the scale altogether away from recovery, Dr. Hume declares.

While admitting that medical treatment and surgical operations in the home are by no means so convenient or efficient for the physician or surgeon as they are in a modern hospital, yet Dr Hume still insists that the effect of the mind on illness or recovery is so important that many times it should outweigh all other considerations. If the patient can be happy in the hospital or can be made so by congenial nursing and comfortable and interesting surroundings, that is the best of all. If not, home nursing that will keep the patient happy may be the most important thing about the whole treatment. These are Dr. Hume's opinions and they are coming to be accepted, it appears, among other physicians and surgeons at the forefront of the medical profession, who are not thinking about their convenience.

It is distinctly possible for people not only to think themselves into illness but to think themselves out of many of them. Experienced physicians have stated that as many as nine-tenths of the patients who consult them merely imagine themselves to be ill. If these patients can be made to imagine themselves well, that cures the entire difficulty. For generations experienced doctors have used bread pills and bad-tasting but harmless mixtures to cure such imaginary disorders. These are known as "placebos"—every doctor uses these little fakes. Even when something really is wrong the mental effect of happiness and optimism is likely to be a more powerful aid toward recovery than anything which medical science can do.

Many of the effects of the mind on the body are well-known to everyone. A dirty dish at the table, a disgusting odor or any one of many other unpleasant incidents at the beginning of a meal may totally destroy the diner's appetite. Fright, anger or other powerful emotional disturbances may make a person turn weak or tremble or actually faint. Laughter and happiness, on the other hand, have similar effects in the beneficial direction.

In a recent article in the London medical journal, the Lancet, Dr. C. R. Croft described how a case of the throat abscess called quinsy was cured merely by making the patient laugh. Ordinarily such throat abscesses are lanced or opened in some similar surgical fashion but this is not always an easy operation, especially on elderly people or people who dread the use of the surgeon's knife.

In the incident described by Dr. Croft, a physician fearing to resort to surgery set the stage for a bit of slapstick comedy. Providing a dish of dumplings, the physician and his assistant suddenly began pelting each other with these ridiculous objects in the presence of the quinsy sufferer. The latter, first astonished and then amused by the inexplicable antics of these two physicians, burst into a hearty fit of laughter. The muscular contraction of the throat caused the abscess to open spontaneously and the quinsy was cured.

In this case the cure resulted, of course, from a purely mechanical action of the throat muscles, although the cause of that action was amusement. Medical literature contains innumerable instances, however, in which the curative effect or, in the reverse case, the illness itself, can be traced more directly to mental activities. Before a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, for example, Dr. Lewis A. Conner described the serious danger of creating symptoms of heart disease by mere mental suggestion.

Professor G. von Bergmann of Berlin described last year the case of a patient who was profoundly effected by a pure mental stimulus. When this man caught sight in a hospital or clinic of the doctor in his white coat, the man was seized with every evidence of a chill, including the typical shivering, the change of skin temperature, the raising of "goose flesh" pimples on the skin and so on. The real reason, Professor von Bergmann explained, was that by some queer mental twist this man had a delusion that the white-coated physician was a snow man and that the surroundings were extremely cold.

A reverse case in which mental stimuli produced an actual fever lasting for many months was described a few months ago by Dr. M. Falcon-Lesses of Boston, and a similar example, this time in a primitive native of Africa, who had been described by Superintendent F. Peacock of the Police Department of the Colony of Kenya. This African, Superintendent Peacock reported, was brought into the police headquarters obviously extremely ill. The temperature of the body was 104 degrees, the skin was hot and dry, the breathing was irregular. Yet the entire cause, the superintendent discovered, was imaginary witchcraft. While this native slept an enemy had hung a dried frog on a string around the sleeper's neck. To this man's tribe frogs were taboo. Accordingly, the victim believed himself bewitched and about to die. Superintendent Peacock cured the "fever" and saved the patient by sending for the witch doctor, whom he required to eat the offending frog in the presence of the patient.

Undoubtedly the power of the mind over the body is more pronounced in primitive races than in members of more civilized communities. Major H. F. Smith of the Gold Coast, in western Africa, reported some months ago the death of a native workman following witchcraft put on him by his own mother. Nothing discoverable was the matter with this man. Nevertheless, the unfortunate fellow sickened and died, precisely as had been foretold by the "witch." Undoubtedly the victim's strong belief in his own inevitable demise was sufficient to stop the operations of the body and to cause death.

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minnesota, has pointed out that emotions and other mental stimuli have profound and sometimes serious effects on digestion. Everyone knows that mental stimuli may make people turn pale or blush, doing so by acting on the tiny blood-vessels in the skin. It is not impossible, Dr. Alvarez believes, that something of the same kind may happen to the lining of the stomach. Mental stimuli may act, therefore, to give the stomach lining more blood than usual or less blood than usual, a kind of internal blushing or paleness.

These differences in blood supply then may effect to a surprising degree either the muscular actions of the stomach or the actions of the stomach's glands, all of which are necessary to adequate digestion. So often does this kind of thing happen that "nervous dyspepsia" is a well-recognized condition, often more easily curable by happiness and mental calm than by any amount of medicine.

In the psychological laboratory of Colgate University, Professor Donald A. Laird has made extensive experiments on the effects of one particular kind of mental stimulus on the stomach. Professor Laird has been investigating the bodily effects of noises. Willing victims who volunteer for the experiments are required to swallow small rubber balloons attached to rubber tubes. Once introduced into the stomach, the balloon is blown up with moderate air pressure and [illegible] closely inside the stomach. Any contraction or expansion of the muscular wall of the stomach [illegible] be reflected in a change of the pressure inside the swallowed balloon. This change of pressure is recorded on a suitable graph. [illegible] muscular changes of the stomach [illegible] be followed moment by moment.

When a loud noise is heard by a person thus equipped with an internal balloon system the result is a sudden contraction or expansion of the stomach; something quite similar to an internal spasm like the sudden start which people are likely to give when noises or other unexpected stimuli are applied. Not only do these experiments suggest some of the actual bodily changes which may follow noise, but they also reinforce all of the other evidence indicating the profound effect of the mind on bodily organs, for the effects of the noise on the stomach must be exerted, of course, by way of the mind.

Working with an electric apparatus developed to record the heart beats of athletes in the course of [illegible] of patients suffering from heart disease, Mr. H. W. Lamson of the General Radio Company and Mrs. P. S. Bauer of Harvard University found that the heart beats of children are quickened and otherwise changed by [illegible] Although [illegible] heart beats is [illegible] important element [illegible] any [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] result [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Marvels of the Unse

Almost Infinitesimal Creatures, Invisible to the Eye, Are Brought Into View by Improved Microscopes Revealing Complicated and Exquisite Forms of Life Never Before Suspected

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EVERY living creature, big or little, must eat—it is the usual rule of nature that big animals feed on smaller ones. Even a creature as small as a pin's head preys on something smaller, so small that it eludes the human eye.

But science carries on the pursuit, and by the use of powerful microscopes and improved technique these minute animals are followed down the scale of ever diminishing size until the lowest form of life is at last discovered.

Thus, starting in at the point where the naked eye fails, science can seize upon a mere speck of life in the water and enlarge the creature up until under the microscope it is as big, perhaps, as a rat. The mouth, internal organs, feelers, crawlers, hairy growth—every distinguishing peculiarity can be seen and studied. Then in turn the even smaller mite of living creature that is the food of the other, is searched out, magnified and studied.

Microscopically Small Free-Swimming Organism With a Flexible Whip-Like Flagellum (Oar) Near the Mouth. This Creature Is Called Euglena, and by Biologists Is Called a Plant and by Zoologists Is Claimed as an Animal.

And thus the search goes on until the smallest, most primitive form of animal food is found—and what does this animal live on? This simplest form of animal, a protozoan known as Chromulina flavicans, lives on an incredibly small plant which belongs to the vegetable world—a diatom.

But as every form of life must eat—what does the diatom live on?

The almost infinitesimally small diatom manufactures its own food. It is like a miniature automobile that makes its own gas as it needs it.

This primitive form of life, this lowest step on the ladder, eats neither animal nor vegetable matter. The diatom is able to manufacture its food by a process known as photo-synthesis. A substance in the plant called chlorophyll breaks down the carbon dioxide in the air and the elements of water, oxygen and hydrogen, and then recombines them in the form of starches and sugars.

And on this page are shown four successive steps down the ladder of microscopic life from the smallest creature the eye can barely see as a mere speck in the water to the lowest living form of life—the primitive little diatom, which manufactures its own food. These invisible creatures are enlarged millions of times, can be photographed and reproduced in models for study.

The human mind is able to grasp, fairly well, "infinitely large" things—the billions of miles of space between the earth and the planets, which appear like twinkling specks in the distant heavens. But it is not so easy to imagine complicated mechanisms of life in a space as small as a pin point.

And yet, in some ways, the "infinitely small" are more important to mankind than the immeasurably large phenomena of Nature. By the aid of the microscope science is able to examine the marvels of Nature in a world which is everywhere about us, but hitherto unsuspected and unseen. Man has little difficulty in controlling the menace of the large creations of Nature in the animal and plant world. It is the hostility of minute, but deadly, creatures too small to be seen, which are mankind's most serious menace.

In the heavens the astronomers watch cataclysms of Nature as stars collide or explode, gigantic bodies tremendously larger than our own earth. For many centuries man has watched in the African wilderness or the American plains, vast migrations and battles of herds of animals covering hundreds of miles. But now the scientist is able to see tragedies of Nature, battles between hundreds of minute creatures on a stage no larger than a postage stamp. Indeed, a drop of water may be magnified so enormously that myriads of grotesque living creatures unseen by the naked eye may be watched, photographed and reproduced in models large enough to be seen and studied.

It might be supposed that the larger the living creature, the more complicated it would naturally be, and that the more diminutive, the simpler, less elaborate would be its organisms. And yet micro-photographs of the mouths of diminutive insects, for instance, reveal mechanisms much more complicated than the mouths of higher types of animals. Indeed, the researches of modern microscopists have opened up the world of unseen marvels in such variety and surprising forms until creatures have been revealed swimming about in the water, which are claimed by botanists as plants, and by zoologists as low forms of animal life.

Greatly Enlarged Photograph of the Bladderwort, an Aquatic Plant the Size of a Pin's Head. The Food Inside of It, Which Has Been Trapped by the Little Plant's Trap-Door, Can Be Seen.

(From Photograph of the Model in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.)

Science realizes the tremendous importance to the welfare of mankind to be able to see and know as much as possible about the miniature world about us. Nothing is more important to the health of mankind than its drinking water. The crowded areas present a problem not only of providing uncontaminated water supplies, but also of taking care of the refuse and sewage of congested communities. And thus the microscope is now able to show to the eye of the scientist Nature's methods of operation for purifying water polluted by man.

It used to be the common belief that running water purified itself in a dozen miles or so. Science now knows this is a dangerous fallacy. Under the microscope the scientist is able to see the increase or the decrease of dangerous bacteria according to the increase or decrease of the amount of oxygen in the water, and thus modern engineers have been able to stimulate and increase the enemies of disease germs in polluted water by feeding more oxygen into the water.

Turning the microscope on that pest of mankind, the mosquito, science has watched the almost invisible little wrigglers in the pond, which are the children hatched from the mosquito's eggs. Like all other living creatures, these minute mosquito larvae must eat. Science has found out what the little wrigglers eat—almost infinitesimally small microscopic plants and animals—and experiments are under way to stop the pest by destroying the food of the larvae and thus starving the mosquito's child.

It has long been known that fish in a tank of water will die unless the water is frequently renewed. It was known to our grandfathers that little water plants introduced into the goldfish bowl kept the water "sweet," so that it need not be constantly renewed. Early scientists reasoned that the plants manufactured and released into the water little bubbles of oxygen, which the fish must have to breathe. Now science is able to study the little aquatic plants at work, and is able to see and photograph the tiny bubbles of oxygen given off by these microscopically small plants.

The fingernail of the average adult reader of this page is about half an inch square, and yet in the American Museum of Natural History in New York is a cubic half inch of swarming life on the bottom of a pond, magnified 100 diameters, or, cubically, 1,000,000 times, filling a case four feet square. But that is not all. Small sections of this 1,000,000-times enlargement, are themselves enlarged enormously until creatures too small to be seen by the eye, unaided, can be examined in their extraordinary detail, increased to the size of a rat or dog.

A minute invisible animal gangster is seen crouching to spring upon its prey, lightly balanced on its pointed toes with body contracted. Another extraordinary invisible creature is seen advancing along a microscopically small plant stem, like an "inch worm," alternately arching and extending its body. This almost inconceivably small animal preys upon other creatures still smaller, and yet the microscope is able to reveal their bodily make-up. Plant stems too small to be seen are brought to light under the microscope, and on them are revealed other microscopical water plants with armed spines, which enable them to cling to the plant stems.

A group of scientists of the American Museum of Natural History in New York collaborated to produce the remarkable four-foot-square glass model of the cubic half-inch of the bottom of a pond which has recently been completed and can be seen by visitors to the famous museum. This group of specialists included Dr. Roy W. Miner and Mr. Frank J. Myers, experts with the microscope; Dr. George H. Childs, who made color sketches of just what the pond-bottom, plants and animals, were like; Mr. Herman O. Mueller, an expert glass-blower, who reproduced the sketches and micro-photographs in glass; Mr. W. H. Southwick, a scientist-artist, and Mr. Chris E. Olsen, a modeler in wax.

It required seven years of patient work to produce the cubic half-inch of the bottom of that pond at Mt. Desert Island, Maine, in its perfected enlargement as now established in the Museum. It is a most strikingly life-like and remarkable exhibit, unmatched by anything in any museum in the world. Except for the movement of the living creatures seen in actual life under the microscope, the visitor can observe just what these remarkable inhabitants of the world in miniature are like.

The larger number of specimens of animal life belong to the class known as rotifers, or "wheel animalcules." This group of creatures is certainly among the most remarkable in the world. No rotifer is much larger than an ordinary pin head, some are as small as the point of a pin. And yet these tiny animals have brains, eyes, nerves, sense organs, a complicated digestive system, a remarkable capacity for movement and self direction.

For their size, they undoubtedly are the most complex of all living creatures. It is probable that they are also the most intelligent. In the perfection with which Nature has adjusted these tiny animals to rule and utilize their miniature world of fresh waters, they are excelled, it is probable, by no creatures in the world, not even by man.

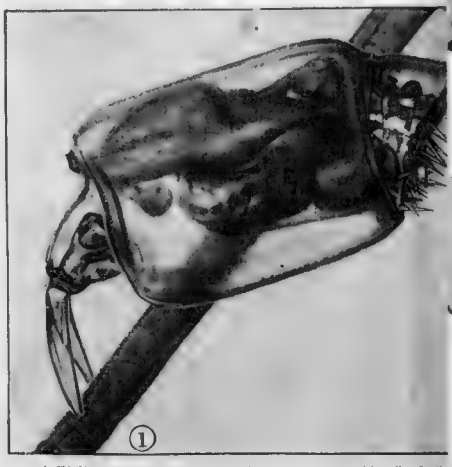
Nearly three centuries ago, when the Dutch optician Leeuwenhoek and his British colleague Hooke were working with the first real microscopes and catching man's first glimpses of the miniature world of ditch waters, these tiny rotifers, then first dimly seen by the scientists, at-

AN ENCHANTED FOREST INSIDE HA

Section of a Model of Microscopic Life at the Bottom of a I Is a Photograph Showing the Wonderful Detail of the Glass Natural History, New York, Representing Minute Plan

Invisible Animals and

Successive Series of Diminishing Creatures and What T Manufactures Its Own Food—



1—This Little Animal Can Barely Be Seen by the Naked Eye and Looks Like a Very Small Dust. It Is about 1 30th of an Inch Long and its Name Is Diemenophorus, but as This Little Is Enlarged by the Lens of the Microscope, the Contour of Its Body, the Internal Organs, Claw-Like Hind Legs, and the Hairs surrounding Its Mouth Are Clearly Seen. The Animal Is Here Perched on the Stem of a Microscopical Water Plant. Its Hind Legs Gripping the Ste Ready to Spring Out and Pounce Upon Its Prey. The Diemenophorus of the Size Shown Picture Would Be 27,000,000 Times Larger Than Life.

enWorldWeLiveIn—

A Half-Inch of the Bottom of a Pond Swarming With Grotesque Animal and Picturesque Plant Life Enlarged a Million Times and Modeled Into a Wonderland of Extraordinary Variety

LF AN INCH OF POND WATER.

Pond, Magnified (Cubically) 1,000,000 Times. This Model Just Completed in the American Museum of ts and Animals Seen Through the Microscope.

Magnified Enlargement of the Various Invisible Forms of Animal and Vegetable Life at the Bottom of a Pond.
(From Photograph of Model in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.)

acted enormous attention because they were pposed to possess Nature's only invention of e wheel. Otherwise, it is well known, the heel is an invention of man alone. No natural eature possesses anything of the sort except e remote wheel-like similarity of some plants ke the "tumble weeds" of the Western part of e United States, which plants produce ball-like asses to be rolled along over the ground by the wind and thus carried to new places for growth.

Seen imperfectly under the original microscopes the tiny rotifers seemed to have much more definite wheel-like mechanisms. At one end of each rotifer the early microscopists thought that they saw an actual revolving wheel, like the paddle wheel of a steamer or the propeller of an airplane. Scientists now know that this was a mistake. There seems to be, it is true, a rapidly revolving device of some kind at one end of the body of the average rotifer. Closer examination shows, however, that this is not a wheel but that it consists, in reality, of a fringe of tiny hair-like projections, like candles stuck around the edge of a birthday cake.

These tiny projections, which scientists call cilia, are kept in continual motion. By a complicated nervous connection, this motion progresses rapidly around the ring of cilia so that an appearance of wheel-like movement is created. In much the same way what seems to be a moving wheel is sometimes produced in modern electric signs by lighting up in succession lamps placed around the edge of the supposed wheel.

This apparent wheel of the rotifers has an important use in the lives of these creatures. Usually it is not, as one might expect, a means of locomotion, like a propeller or a paddle wheel. Instead, the duty of the rapidly moving cilia seems to be to create in the water near the creature a small but violent whirlpool. By means of this whirlpool tiny particles of food, including, it is probable, myriads of living creatures still tinier than the rotifers, are swept within range of the rotifer's mouth. Very few natural mechanisms are so perfectly adjusted as the nervous mechanism which keeps this whirl in uniform and rapid movement, each of the tiny cilia beating the water just at the right instant and in the right manner to maintain the uniform movement of the wheel-like whirlpool. This is one of the reasons why biologists believe that for its size the brain of a rotifer is probably the best brain in the world.

Although it is not really a wheel, this whirlpool machine is interesting and important enough, as well as valuable enough to the rotifer population, to justify the name of wheel animalcule given to these creatures by the microscopists of three centuries ago. The modern name of rotifer, indeed, means much this same thing, for the Latin meaning of this word is "wheel bearer."

More than a thousand varieties of rotifers have been found, examined by biologists and given definite names. Even in the pools of Mount Desert Island, which Dr. Miner and his associates used as a model for the new exhibit in New York City, no less than thirty-one kinds of the wheel-bearing creatures were found, studied and considered worthy of inclusion in the final glass and wax model which has been built.

In many ways the most remarkable of all the rotifers are the hunting rotifers or "tigers," several of which are reproduced in the Museum set of models. The resemblance to a tiger is in habit rather than appearance, for the tiger rotifer looks more like a tiny submarine with a tapered and curved extension on one end. Stream-lined for a quick dart through the water with as little resistance as possible, this tiger rotifer hangs by the hour to one of the microscopic plant stems which form the forests of this miniature world. Not by the slightest movement does the tigerish creature disclose that it is alive.

Presently some unwary other creature swims within range. Instantly the tiger rotifer leaps, as a real tiger might leap from thicket or tree. Powerful jaws seize and crush the tiger's prey In a moment the luckless victim has been swallowed; the cruel tiger is back again on his plant stem, waiting patiently for another victim to come within range.

Not all of the rotifer creatures hunt their food in this way, although many others have methods which seem, from human viewpoints, almost equally cruel. A moralist might argue, indeed, that no group of creatures in all of Nature's assemblage lives so thoroughly by cruelty and prey as do these animalcules of the wheel. Not only have they the best brains of their size in the world but also the cruelest.

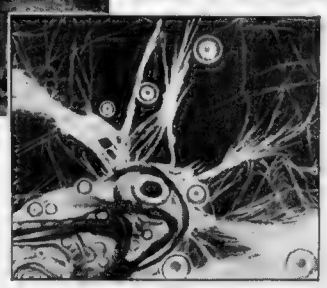
A whole group of rotifers, for example, catch their food by making themselves into veritable animal traps, as though savages should bury their bodies in the ground and open gigantic mouths into which luckless animals might fall to be devoured. Together with the hunting tigers of the rotifer world, these animal trappers are represented, also, in the Museum models. One of them, transparent, graceful and of almost fairy-like delicacy, extends into the water, from its fixed position on a plant stem, five curved arms like the delicate branchas of a fern.

These branches form a labyrinth-like trap in which from time to time some luckless other creature settles into the bottom of the trap of entangling arms, as the lost child might lie down to rest. Instantly the terrible nature of the trap appears. At the bottom of the little chamber formed by the five entangling arms is a remarkable muscular mechanism not unlike the hollow trunk of a tiny elephant.

The moment that any creature suitable for rotifer food touches this hollow trunk, the creature is snapped instantly into a chamber below, previously enclosed and concealed, like some oriental criminal dropping through a trap in the floor into unmentionable horrors underneath. Once inside this second chamber, really corresponding to the rotifer's throat, the still-living victim is torn instantly to shreds by a set of pincer-like teeth, which constitute another of the remarkable natural machines of the rotifer world.

Were there physicians and surgeons to practice in this rotifer world the art of healing instead of the arts of destruction, these professionals would find their task far easier than that of professional men among humanity. Their patients would be transparent, for virtually all of the rotifers have bodies almost as transparent as water itself. Through these bodies the entire internal machinery of the living creature can be observed under the microscope. This is why biologists know so well the structure and action of the pincer-like teeth which the majority of rotifers possess, not in their mouths but part way down their throats.

This extraordinary mechanism is unique in Nature. Many creatures, like man, have food-grinding machines like human teeth; machines set in the first part of the alimentary canal, which we call the mouth. Some other creatures, like chickens and other birds, have food-grinding mills placed in the first part of the stomach, like the muscular gizzard of a chicken, containing pebbles to crush and grind seeds and other foods. The rotifer is the only known creature which first swallows its food whole and then tears that food apart as it goes down the throat.



Micro-Photograph of a Small Water Plant Giving Off Bubbles of Oxygen. Plants Like These Keep the Water "Fresh" in Goldfish Bowls.

Probably no food-crushing machinery in all of natural history is so efficient as this set of throat jaws of the rotifer families, a mechanism technically called the "mastax." It does better than teeth because it can tear as well as grind. In addition to ability to cut up food particles, as man's front or incisor teeth can do, the knives and pincers of the rotifer's mastax can saw food particles apart, rip them apart, pull them apart like the talons of a bird, or disintegrate them in almost any other way. For a luckless animalcule to be sucked into this crushing, grinding and tearing machine is as though a human victim had fallen prey all at once to every torturing mechanism ever devised by the cruelty of man.

Not all the rotifers, however, are of these predatory, flesh-eating classes. Another species, among the gentler of the rotifer population, gets its food by sucking out the contents of stems of microscopic plants, as a human being sucks an orange. Examining under the microscope stem after stem of the tiny plants which form the forests of the ditch-water world, microscopists find some of these plants, each individual cell of which shows on one side a small, clean-cut hole, as though some tiny carpenter had come along and cut a small disk out of each cell wall.

Occasionally a lucky microscopist may manage to see this carpenter at work. He is a rotifer, one of these creatures possessing the skill and habit to climb slowly up the stem of the tiny plantlet, skillfully remove a small disk from each cell wall and suck out of the cell for food material the living protoplasm inside and also the living green bodies, called chloroplasts, which give these plantlets their color and which work to provide the plantlets with food.

The rotifer world provides, also, skillful masons to match in artisanship the skill of this plant-stem carpenter. Several varieties of the rotifers build themselves funnel-shaped houses in which to live. Sometimes these funnels are attached to plant stems. Other varieties of the creatures have the habit of clustering together, tail to tail, so that their funnel-shaped or trumpet-shaped houses form sometimes very beautiful assemblages, like candelabra pointing in every direction. Some of these Dr. Miner and his associates have reproduced, very beautifully, in the New York City models. Usually the living rotifer dwells in the outer, open end of the funnel, often with a long, tail-like projection from its body running down the funnel's stem to fasten to a similar stem of some other rotifer or to a

Continued on Page 16

What They Feed On

hey Eat Down to the Lowest Form of Life Which All Enormously Enlarged.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.
—*De Morgan*

Speck of Creature like Two Is Shown Here and in Box

2—This is a Parachute-Like Animal Which is the Natural Prey and Food of the Diernophorus (Shown in Preceding Picture) It Swims Slowly Through the Water and Whirling the Hairs Around Its Open Mouth, Draws in Its Food. This Creature Is Much Smaller Than Diernophorus, and Has no Mechanism for Sprinting on Its Prey. As Shown Here It Is 17,000,000 Times Larger Than Life. Its Name Is Microcodon Clavus.

3—An Diernophorus Eats Little Microwodon Clavus, So the Latter Also Has Its Appetite and Favorite Food It Feeds on the Still Smaller Chromulina Rosanoffensis (Shown Above) This Wee Little Animal is Made Up of One Cell and a Hair Like Prosthecate Tail. Magellon — a Sort of Tail Which Propels It Through the Water This Creature Is Shown 1,000,000 Times Enlarged.

4—This Is a Diatom, One of the Lowest Forms of Life It Is Devoured by Chromulina Flavicans. It Drifts About in the Water and Is Invisible Except to Powerful Microscopes. It Does Not Prey on Any Smaller Form of Life, But Manufactures Its Own Food, and Thus Is the Last Link in the Chain of Life. The Creature Is Able to Break Up Carbon Dioxide and Water Into Their Constituent Parts and Reassemble Them as Starches and Sugars. The Picture Is Billions Times Larger Than Life.

Marvels of the Unseen World We Live In

(Continued from Double Page)

part of a plant or some other support.

Many of these house-building rotifers construct their dwellings out of a thick, sticky secretion provided by their own skins. One class of the creatures, however, the true mason rotifers, do better than this. By means of a special mechanism close to the creature's mouth small pellets of organic food or similar material are rolled up and cemented together much as round, ball-like bricks might be made out of sticky clay. These pellets are then piled and stuck together to form the creature's trumpet-shaped house.

Not even the wasps and other insects which build houses for themselves out of mud, wood fiber or other materials are more skilful at the house-building job than are these mason rotifers. The ditch water world

Undoubtedly the most remarkable of the rotifer organisms, however, is remarkable brain. The knot of nerve tissue in the rotifer's head somewhat resembles a flattened slice of a biscuit or muffin, is larger in proportion to the rest of the rotifer body than is true, so far as is known for the brain of any other living creature. From this flattened [illegible]

connect with the sense organs, notably the eyes and the antennae.

Underneath the rotifer's skin lies a complicated network of tiny muscles, as competent to move the creature's body at the direction of the brain as is the muscular system of the human body or of any other creature. In the tiger rotifers, in addition, there are the powerful leaping muscles and the almost equally powerful muscles of the jaw-like mastax in the throat. Then, too, there are the muscles which move the tiny cilia to create the wheel-like whirlpool which sucks food into the creature's mouth. All these muscles must be controlled and co-ordinated very perfectly if the rotifer is to be as skillful as his dominating position in the ditch-water demands. Although the sub-microscopic dissection of the rotifer's brain and nervous system has not yet been accomplished as perfectly as the dissection of the nervous system of higher animals, it is probable that these tiny creatures' brains and nerves are equally complicated and perfect, if not even more so.

The rotifer families seem, however, to have had considerable difficulty in deciding upon the proper number of eyes. Some of the families represented in the models possess two eyes, as do the majority of the animals of other groups. There are many rotifers, however, which get along with one eye each. On the contrary, there are a few species which possess three eyes each. All rotifer eyes are of fundamentally the same type. A tiny crystalline particle, perhaps serving in some way as a lens, is backed by a reddish pigment, probably sensitive to light.

On the models in the New York museum many of these "red spots" may be seen, indicating some mechanism, no doubt as marvelous as the rest of the rotifer's anatomy, by which the creature undoubtedly is able to see what is going on in the ditch water world which it rules, or rather which she rules, for all the active rotifers, tigers included, are females. Biologists are still by no means well informed, however, about the exact nature of the rotifer eye, a structure perhaps unique in the world of life, or perhaps related, in some way still unknown, to the first stages of development of eyes like those of men and other higher animals.

There are still mysteries, too, concerning the other sense organs of the rotifers. Most of the kinds of these animals possess antennas not unlike the antennas of insects. Whether these are feelers only, like the "whiskers" of a cat, or whether they are special sense organs to test the chemical character of the surrounding water as men test similar things by taste or smell, or whether the rotifer antenna is some primitive kind of ear to sense vibrations in the water, no one yet knows. That the antennae are sense organs of some kind scarcely can be doubted, since each antenna seems to be connected by a large and well-formed nerve with the rotifer's brain.

Another mystery is an organ, perhaps some kind of a gland, located just behind the brain itself and closely connected with it. Known only by the entirely non-committal term of the "pretracerebral organ," meaning that the organ lies behind the brain, this constitutes another opportunity for some biological microscopist to make his reputation by discovering what this organ contributes to the rotifer's life or survival.

So far as survival is concerned, rotifers have come closer to solving the problem of suspended animation than has been accomplished by any other group of creatures except certain kinds of bacteria. By the very nature of the rotifer's life, the creature is exposed at times to the misfortune of losing its world. Fresh water ponds and the water of ditches may be dried up by a rainless season or a few over-hot days. What is to happen then to the rotifer rulers of this microscopic cosmos?

This emergency the rotifers meet in several ways: some species by quickly producing eggs or spores, others by condensing and drying their own bodies, not to the point of death, but to a point where a kind of suspended life can be maintained for many months, if not for years. The body shrinks, the surface skin becomes tough, leathery and resistant to further loss of moisture. The necessary openings into the body, like the mouth, are promptly plugged with corks made of a thick mucous secretion, also highly resistant to moisture loss. Thus the creature surrounds itself with an impervious covering, as though a human being were sealed up inside a rubber sheet. No further moisture is lost and enough remains to keep the partially dried rotifer in living condition.

It is in this form, doubtless, that rotifers are carried so widely around the world, many of them being small enough to blow like dust carried by the wind. At times, however, rotifers do produce eggs. The sex rotifers are females. The males are scarce, much smaller, and usually produced only at certain seasons. For the rest of the time female rotifers are able not only to conduct their lives and rule their world like miniature Amazons but to produce eggs capable of developing new female rotifers without any relation to the male sex. For the so-called "Winter eggs," however, laid by female rotifers in the Fall of the year and adapted to carry over the rotifer race until the arrival of more favorable conditions in the Spring, male cooperation seems to be a necessity.

In spite of the remarkable competence of these rotifers in the business of their lives, the ditch-water world is not without its dangers for them any more than the larger world is without dangers for man. The great glass model includes, for example, a remarkable creature, in this instance a plant, which lies in wait for the rotifer rulers much as the predatory forms of these rulers trap or leap upon the other creatures of their world. This carnivorous, rotifer-eating plant of the Mount Desert ponds and ditches is the so-called bladder wort; a plant provided up and down its stem with a number of small, basket-like attachments which actually are animal traps.

Each one of these small plant baskets, no larger than a small pinhead, possesses a small trap door. Around this trap door are tiny hairs which point inward. Approaching the open trap, a swimming rotifer or other creature encounters no resistance. The inward-pointing hairs provide, in fact, a smooth and inviting surface along which the unwary rotifer can slip through the small trap door and explore the inside of the tiny basket. Such prey once caught, the trapper plant shows its true character. The hairs now point against the path of the escaping rotifer. The little trap door flies shut. Trapped and helpless, the imprisoned rotifers suffocate, for these animals must have fresh oxygen in the water to breathe just as much as fish or other ordinary water creatures.

Once dead, the rotifer's body slowly decays and its juices are absorbed to aid the growth of the carnivorous plant, biologists believe. Unlike some of the larger animal-eating plants, like the fly-trap plant of Virginia or the carnivorous pitcher plant of Madagascar, the rotifer-catching bladder-wort of the ditch-water world does not seem to possess special digestive juices for the handling of its rotifer meals. Instead, it apparently must depend merely upon the natural decay of the creature which it has swallowed.

In addition to this animal-eating plant, which no doubt captures and kills thousands of unlucky rotifers every week of Summer in the ditch-water world, the tiny half-inch of ditch-bottom which Dr. Myer and his associates have modeled shows examples of many other plants and animals. In one spot is to be seen, for example, an enlarged specimen of the curious creature called Volvox—half plant and half animal. Numerous living cells of this creature, each capable in an emergency of existing alone, combine into a round, hollow ball, perhaps for better defense against predatory organisms, perhaps for some other reasons which biologists still do not understand.

One species of the always competent and active rotifers has taken advantage of the existence of these hollow spheres of Volvox cells, so that this rotifer penetrates the Volvox sphere and spends her life in the protected region inside. Young rotifers, hatched inside this living house, make their way out through the shell of Volvox cells; only to penetrate, in the course, some other Volvox colony and to take up, each rotifer independently, its dwelling inside the new colony.

Other plants of the ditch water world include the tiny, one-celled diatoms or desmids; some of which float in the water while others cling to stems of larger plants or lie loosely on the solid bottom. Here and there are examples of the lowly animal creatures called hydras; tiny equivalents of the octopus, each hydra with its four or six or more arms waving in the water to seize food and able promptly to cram this food into the voracious mouth between the group of arms. Some of these hydras possess inside the cells of their bodies green granules like the chloroplasts of plants, which green granules can make sugar for the hydra to live on just as the same granules do in plant leaves. Others of the hydras are pale and transparent, depending for their food upon such living creatures or bits of decaying vegetable matter as their waving arms can seize.

And lords of this lowly world, swim and jump and cling the many kinds of rotifers—wheel creatures unquestionably able, were it not for their handicaps of tiny size and underwater life, to dominate the entire created life of the earth, perhaps even more competently than man dominates it now.

But lest some philosophic rotifer imagine, were its brain big enough to think with as well as to move with, too great a dominance of its fellows over its surroundings and its life, Nature has provided not only the predatory plant baskets of the bladderwort but also has arranged that the rotifers, like human beings, should suffer from the great enemy of animal lives, infectious disease. One of the interesting conclusions of the biologists who have studied these creatures is that there exist in the ditch-water world varieties of living germs still tinier than the rotifers. Even the proud tigers of the rotifer world suffer, it has been found, from diseases created by invasion of these germs. Nature's concern seems to be always for the balance of life, never for the dominance of any single group. The rotifers rule the ditch-water world, but germs, in turn, are able to rule and to destroy the rotifers.

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In fact, so superior did these leading silk manufacturers find Palmolive Beads to be, that now, on every washing-direction tag which they attach to their silk hosiery, gloves and lingerie—they urge women to use Palmolive Beads!

Famous women watch Palmolive Beads tested

Never before have silk manufacturers unanimously urged one soap for the *safe* washing of silks! Their laboratory tests of Palmolive Beads... their complete approval of this new soap for silk... agrees with the findings of the Committee of 17... a group of representative women who were called to the Ritz Hotel to watch Palmolive Beads tested in comparison with chips and flakes. So much more protective to silks did Palmolive Beads prove to be, that the Committee of 17 unanimously endorsed it as "the ideal soap for silks, wools and all fine fabrics!"

Protect *your* silks and fine fabrics against the damages of hot water and half dissolved bits of soap by using Palmolive Beads. You'll find this new and different soap dissolves instantly in water 20 degrees cooler than chips and flakes require. That it rinses away *completely.* That it gives your silks an olive oil protection the tallow soaps you've been using cannot give. All dealers have Palmolive Beads at 10 cents a box.

Kayser's brassiere-bloomer combination retains its shimmering loveliness when it is washed in Palmolive Beads.

Vanity Fair interprets in sheer silk hosiery the flare and style that are an essential part of the modern woman's dress today. "If you wash silk hosiery with Palmolive Beads," says Vanity Fair, "you will obtain the longest life and beauty possible from silk stockings."

The Committee of 17

These famous women—leaders representing every phase of feminine activity, from all over the United States—approved and sponsor Palmolive Beads.

MRS. JAMES J. DAVIS
Wife of U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania and former cabinet member under three presidents.

ETHEL BARRYMORE
America's most famous actress.

ELSIE DE WOLFE
Noted authority on decoration.

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY
Chicago Tribune beauty expert.

LILLIAN EDGERTON
Head of textile laboratory. Recognized authority on the correct washing of silks.

MRS. KELLOGG FAIRBANK
Famous Chicago social leader.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN
New York social leader.

ANNE MORGAN
Famous daughter of a famous father.

DR. ELLEN B. McGOWAN
In charge of Household Chemistry of a great eastern university.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of many best sellers, including her latest novel, "The Door."

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
Wife of the Governor of New York.

NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS
Ex-Governor of Wyoming.

GAY S. WALTON
Stylist for the Kayser Silk Hosiery Company.

SUZANNE POLLARD
Daughter of Governor of Virginia.

MRS. HANCOCK BANNING
California social leader.

MRS. CECIL B. DE MILLE
Wife of the famous motion picture director.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
America's great prima donna.

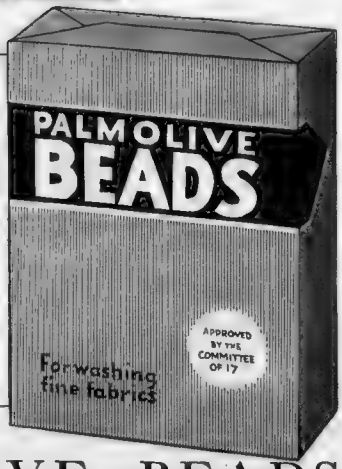
What leading silk manufacturers say of Palmolive Beads

"We foresee longer wear for silk stockings with this new and different fabric soap," writes Phoenix.

"Its olive and palm oils give it a gentle cleansing action that protects the life of silk fibre," declares Kayser.

"It rinses away with greatest ease," says Van Raalte.

"Palmolive Beads have an advantage in the realm of soaps," says Vanity Fair, "because they dissolve in water of low temperature, because of their gentle cleansing action and because of their rinsing qualities."



PALMOLIVE BEADS

for washing fine fabrics . . . large box 10c

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon's position on board the palatial yacht Sea-Spray on a cruise in the South Seas, becomes impossible when Nicky Armstrong, the owner, begins to make clandestine love to her, especially since once-wealthy Adora is now the paid companion of Dana, Nicky's wife.

At Saranoa, Adora is upset at meeting Don Carlos de Valdemar, a Spaniard who at one time made violent love to her in London. Don Carlos resents her bitter rebuff of his affection and, finding Adora alone, attempts to force his attentions upon her. Nicky had ordered Adora to go ashore with Don Carlos, but afterward he takes them to the pavilion for dinner and again urges Adora to accept him.

A hurricane maroons the party at the Siren and a castello for the night, and in the morning Adora discovers Nicky's body washed ashore and the Siren standing out to sea. Don Carlos arrives and tells Adora that Nicky had confessed before he died that he had murdered Dana. Nicky had declared that in addition to the Spaniard's wicked advances he had also forced Adora to marry him. Don Carlos assures her that he will protect her from them. Adora is grateful to him.

YOU can have hair as lovely as this*—

easily—inexpensively

*Laura La Plante is not the star, appearance or the "figure," lonely wives

LOVELY hair is not the exclusive privilege of screen and stage stars, or of women who have unlimited money to spend on beauty treatments. Millions of women who are trying to keep within a budget — or supporting themselves on a moderate salary — find they can save from $25 to $50 a year — caring for their hair the Jo-cur Way — at home! YOU can do it too! It's easy! And you can keep your hair looking its best—always.

A Complete Hair Beauty Treatment for Less Than 10 Cents

Hard to be eve, isn't it? But it's true! You can actually give yourself —at home—the same complete beauty treatment for your hair that you have been accustomed to pay $5 or one to five dollars for. And you can do it easily—quickly—for less than 10 cents! Jo-cur Hair Oil Treatment gives new health to your scalp—new life to your hair. Delicately scented Jo-cur Shampoo—concentrate removes the dingy film of dust and dirt, and leaves your hair soft, fluffy and easy to arrange. Then a love-y, lasting wave with Jo-cur Wavesel—just as easy as combing your hair. And finally—a touch of Jo-cur Brilliantine to bring out all its lustrous beauty.

Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each of them is composed of the best materials money can buy, regardless of price—and each of them can be obtained in generous sizes at most five and ten cent stores. 25c size at your druggist's.

Economy is fashionable now!

At most 5 and 10c stores
25c sizes at your druggist's

Jo-cur
Beauty Aids
for the Hair

LIPS now stay lovely *8 full hours*

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Weatherproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

Eight hours later—lovely lips

You apply a luscious paint

It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

That, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—just the *French* for that!

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banished all the smearing and fleeting life of preservatives in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Sublime lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—*A lipproof or any other kind!*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick.

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge) And—remember it is NOT the same as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is still 75c. Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all fine counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipstick *Black and red enamel swivel case. The Black and gold case, for Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, the Newest Parisian Shades Translucent, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

The NEW
Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK
Newly Discovered Formula!

"In this part of the world, Adora," Don Carlos Said Slowly and Impressively, "should a servant hesitate to obey, let alone dare to argue, we use this with immediate effect."

CHAPTER IV.
Love and Hate.

TREMBLY Adora sat down on the edge of the bed, a forlorn and shocked little figure in white, flimsy night-robe, with her golden hair tousled and her blue eyes distraught, her scarlet lips aquiver. For a moment it looked as if she were about to crumple up and break into tears.

But tears could not help her, and Adora realized that. They would only show up her weakness before this man who, despite his denials, she felt positive was as much in this abominable plot as Diana and Nicky. She was determined that he should not have the satisfaction of witnessing any fear or weakness on her part. On the contrary, she would fight him to the finish, if he imagined he had her in his power, and the victory should be with her. Woman, if so she willed, was unconquerable. That had always been Adora's creed.

Meantime, what was she to do, stranded here even without clothes, unable even to leave this room? The more Adora thought of Diana's share in this trap the less she understood how her friend could have lent herself to it. The thing was such an incredibly wicked one for a woman to do to another of her sex. To leave her during the night, when defenseless and asleep, in the house of a man who had frankly said he would soon bring her to reason if left in his hands.

That action could not be justified even by wifely jealousy had there been any real cause for the last, which there really was not.

Nicky had lied to Diana. Why? Nicky, of course, was a pretty considerable cad. He was a rake as well. But why he had led in this way Adora could not understand, unless it was out of pique the cause she had threatened to tell Diana. And so, to make sure she never did that, he had gone first to Diana with his lie.

However, the trap had been set, and she was caught in it. The wisest course was to face the situation without panic, as best she might. And meantime, hunched on the bed-edge in her filmy night-robe, naked of defense, Adora sat and stared out to sea and the horizon which by now had engulfed the white grace of the smokeless yacht. The profound silence, broken only occasionally by jungle noises, added to her feeling of utter isolation.

Then, at the sound of a step being opened behind her, Adora knew that Don Carlos had returned. She did not look round at him. She remained, staring out to sea, that cruel and yet beautiful sea which held her captive on this island. She heard Don Carlos speaking in his caressing voice, hateful as, in a way, it was fascinating.

"I was obliged to thrust myself upon you again, sweet charmer," he said. "You cannot sit there on the bed all day. Something or other had to be done about those pretty things of yours which the astute Diana took away in so unkind a fashion—"

"And with your knowledge, why don't you add?" said Adora coldly.

"Indeed, no. You wrong me. I had nothing whatever to do with this affair, I assure you. I have been as surprised by it as you must be. However, I wanted to speak of clothes. I have some, as it happens, which should fit that dainty little figure of yours. They belong to a little Spanish girl friend of mine, who sometimes comes over with her mother from the main-land and stays here."

"Then—please lend them to me!" Adora spoke with instant relief, and turned towards him with outstretched hands, imagining the bundle he was going to hold the garments of which he spoke. But he waved a negation.

"These are not they!" he said. "No. My little Spanish friend's frock and things can only be useful to you on one condition."

"And that?"

"Unfortunately you have turned that condition down very forcibly," smiled Don Carlos. "The condition of marriage. You have refused to become my wife."

"And I shall continue to refuse such an insult, however often you make it!" flamed Adora.

He studied her seriously, ardently, sadly.

"What a pity it is that you are stubborn!" he murmured softly. "You are so adorably lovely. You are made to be worshiped, to be kissed and fondled by the man who is at once both your lover and your master. But—no. Cold and brilliant as the Polar Star, you will not listen to the warm and ardent voice of love."

"Love?" she retorted with a little shrug of scorn. "Is it love that you offer me? How dare you use that word to me? Love? You offer me shame and degradation. You and Diana and her husband—you have me cornered here, and I am helpless! Don't blaspheme love by talking of it to me."

"Ah . . . so at last you do recognize the reality, the sanctity of love?" his voice drifted to her. "That is already something to the good. And you recognize too, that you are in my power, for good or evil. Well, sometimes the very strength of power may lie in its tenderness. I could be very, very tender to you, if you encouraged me. I would do anything you asked of me."

"Then lend me the clothes of your Spanish girl friend, and let me go from this house, take me back to Saranoa."

"And—there?"

"Take me to some English consul, or someone English, who would help me get back to my own country."

"You would find no English consul in Saranoa, and no English resident either. Certainly ships do bring in occasional English visitors, and a passage might be arranged with one of the British sea captains of boats calling there. But—that would require money. Have you any?"

Adora's eyes were turned blankly on the empty couch, where, overnight, she had thrown down her discarded clothes, drowsily intent on sleep. And with the clothes, now taken away by Diana, there must also have been her small leather hand-bag, in which she had carried quite a nice little sum of money. That must have gone with the clothes Adora, meantime, did not inform him of this. She merely shrugged.

"Once I was at Saranoa and in touch with a decent Englishman, the question of money would not arise. It would be quite enough for him to know that I was stranded here and needed help——"

"In any case," said Don Carlos, "there will be no English boat in Saranoa for a month at least. And meantime you must content yourself with the hospitality of this house. Saranoa is no place for a girl like you. Saranoa is a hot-bed of vice. You would not be safe there for a moment, let alone a month. We do not intend you to go there. The excellent Diana left you in my care. I must justify her faith in me."

"Then—why are you refusing to lend me that Spanish girl's clothes?" stared Adora.

"Because you have refused to become my wife. Have I not your reputation to consider? How can I have you, an unmarried girl, staying under my roof? Even when your own clothes come out here from the quay in Saranoa you will not be able to wear them—unless the priest has first made us one."

"Never—never!"

Adora flung out impotent hands, her puzzled eyes on the bundle which he had laid on the bed, his fingers untying what looked to her like a silken shawl of scarlet in which other things were fastened.

"Then—the only way we can get over our little difficulty seems to me to be—this!"

Don Carlos had untied the scarlet silken thing, which now Adora discovered to be a sash. He noticed that, when he leaned forward to do this, she shrank away from him, and he laughed.

"You needn't be afraid!" he said. "I am not going to touch you. I am too much afraid of my—if to lay a finger on you. Not, anyhow, as yet. If I wished, in spite of all your struggles, I could take you in my arms and kiss you to death. I could compel you to love me, to submit to me, to become mine. There is no one here to help you against my strength. But—no. That would be brutal, and it would not at all satisfy me. I prefer subtler methods, less haste and more suspense."

"Suspense?"

Adora eyed him with a sudden fear.

"There is nothing so exquisite as suspense—in love," he explained. "To love, or not to love—that is the question. You and I will enjoy to its full the ecstatic dawning of love in you. And meantime, I am safeguarding myself against you. I am making you safe from me as well. See here, my unwilling little guest. When you appear before me in these clothes, how can I possibly make love to you?"

The silken sash, flung open, disclosed the meaning behind his words. For here were knee-breeches of a dark material, the white shirt edged with an embroidered coat, a sombrero, a small pair of sandals. Yesterday, in Saranoa, Adora had noticed more than one young Spanish lad dressed in such clothes as these.

"They belong to the young brother of my little Spanish friend," she heard Don Carlos informing her, and chuckling as he added, "You will make quite a handsome boy, I feel sure!"

"But—I can't possibly shout, wearing things like these!" gasped Adora.

"What else can you do?" shrugged Don Carlos. "They are all I am ready to offer. What more could you ask of me? I am safe-guarding your reputation while you are under my roof. If you have as yet no love for me, still you do owe me some gratitude."

"Gratitude?" Adora hid her face behind white and trembling fingers. "It is infamous that you should have helped to trap me like this!"

"If I had done so, I certainly should be infamous indeed!" snapped Don Carlos, with a sudden return of his anger which rather frightened Adora. "But I am not guilty, and I have told you so before. It is infamous of you to repeat that accusation. As for infamy—what right have you to use that word of others, guilty of it yourself by making love to your friend's husband?"

"That was a lie — a wicked lie!" protested Adora wildly, near to tears now in spite of herself. "It was Nicky who made love to me, and then—to save his own skin—told Diana that he. And I am here suffering from his fault—"

"The real fault doubtless lay with your beauty," said Don Carlos. "The lightning of your blue eyes struck Diana's husband on the yacht, just as it struck me in London. The white and golden glory of you inflamed him as it has me. But he had no right to you. I have. And so you are here, to become a boy in order that I may forget you are a girl and desired him. I am going to call you—Alfonso."

"That," he added, "will be in memory of a nice young friend of my own, named Alfonso, who stole my first sweetheart from me. I hated Alfonso for that, and so you will remind me of him, helping me to hate you on his account. Therefore make haste and be dressed. The breakfast is waiting to be cooked."

With that, for the second time, he left her. This time he did not close the door. She could hear him pass through the rambling house humming the crooning melody of a love-song, a passionate rhythm which suggested anything but hate. The sound of his voice died away in the distance, and Adora turned her attention to the unaccustomed clothes on the bed.

She had no alternative, of course, but to wear them. And indeed, for an obvious reason, she hastened to do so. No doubt he imagined himself very clever by forcing her into this position, but he was not quite so clever as he thought. For, by turning her into a boy, he was unwittingly making matters easier for her in one respect at least. Dressed as a girl she might certainly have met with difficulties making her way to Saranoa, as she still intended to do. As a boy, she would pass unnoticed.

Meantime, when later she came to survey herself in the mirror, she had to admit that Don Carlos had been right in one respect. With her close-cropped shingled hair of gold and her slim shape, these clothes did become her when, with the scarlet sash round her waist and the sombrero shading her delicate complexion, she was completely dressed. She was transformed into a handsome boy.

She was transformed, too, in spirit. As though the boy's clothes had invested her with a greater daring, her earlier fears had fallen from her. It was obvious that Don Carlos intended her no immediate harm. He was not even going to make love to her. She had no need to fear him. Her only need was to escape from his house and make her way to Saranoa. Certainly, she would have felt happier in her mind if the contents of her small leather hand-bag had not been taken from her.

And then, quite accidentally touching the pillows of the bed on which she had slept, she made a discovery which swept away even that shadow. For a moment, so surprised was she that she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own eyes. Yet it was true. She had been entirely wrong in believing that overnight she had left her handbag with her clothes on the couch.

Apparently in her drowsy state, she had tucked the bag away under the pillows, and forgotten the fact. For there it lay. And when she opened it the money was there too, fifteen new and crisp English pound notes and some loose silver. This meant all the difference to her. She was now independent of him. Money would buy both safety from him and help for her.

As she stood with the bag in her hand she heard the voice of Don Carlos calling to her on an imperious note.

"Alfonso, how long are you going to be, Alfonso?"

Hurriedly she removed the notes and money from the hand-bag, secreting the last under the mattress. She had only just completed the task and slipped her precious wealth into an inner pocket of her embroidered coat when, turning, she saw that Don Carlos stood in the open doorway, and was watching her

CHAPTER V.
Adora Escapes

IF he had seen what she was doing, he showed no sign. He merely eyed her with amusement as, shy in her strange clothes, the color rose to her cheeks.

"You'll have to give up blushing, Alfonso, or you'll spoil everything!" he said cynically.

"Quite a handsome young Don Juan we've made of you! The girls will all lose their hearts to you, if you give them the chance. No. Don't look in the mirror. Only silly girls like Adora Vernon spend their lives doing that. You've work to do, Alfonso; and I'm waiting for you to get on with it. Come along with me. You have a breakfast to cook for both of us."

"A breakfast — to cook?" Adora stared at him, having followed him from her bedroom to the large room where they had dined overnight. "You expect me to cook a breakfast for you?" she questioned.

"Who else is going to cook it, Alfonso?" he demanded querulously.

"But—you have native servants! I saw a number of them here last night."

"So you do. But, as it happens, the hurricane last night wrecked their rather frail native quarters in the compound outside. What has happened to them I do not know. Perhaps it is just as well. I do not want them back here—especially now the Senorita Adora Vernon has become my nice young friend, Alfonso."

Anger rose in Adora—the anger of the mocked.

"I'm afraid I don't understand your Spanish humor, Don Carlos," said she. "But—if you imagine I am here to replace your native servants—to do anything of that sort for you at all—you are entirely mistaken."

"Am I?" He glowered down at her. "Let me tell you, Alfonso, that you will do as you are told

(Continued on Page 20)

Corns
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FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deadens all pain—and soon makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out! Hard corns or soft—all are quickly ended by FREEZONE. Calluses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk and dance in comfort!

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Restored to Any Natural Shade Without Dyeing—Marvelous Water-like Liquid Does It.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE TO USE

Simply Brush Through Your Hair a Few Times and Watch the Color Appear

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

There is no need for you to tolerate gray, faded or streaked hair. If you will brush it a few times with Canute Water the hair will regain its beauty. It is a real youthful color. No fuss or bother. Clean and safe to use. Every user is enthusiastic.

Canute Water is a crystal clear colorless odorless and greaseless water like liquid. Results from its use are especially pleasing because it does not stain the skin or scalp. After the color is restored you can wash and curl the hair without affecting it in the least. The hair becomes glossy, soft and lustrous. You can easily keep it looking young with an application of Canute Water once a month.

Your hair will surely yield to the quick, sure fading influence of this pure clean liquid. This is so certain that dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price if it should fail to give absolute satisfaction. But it will not fail. Thousands and thousands of satisfied users all over the world testify to the remarkable qualities of Canute Water as a color restorer for gray hair. Get a bottle TODAY at any drug store and prove it to yourself at our expense. Sold on an absolute guarantee by Liggett's Owl, Whelan or Walgreen Drug Stores or your own druggist. Or write The Canute Co., Dept A 32, Milwaukee, Wis.—Adv.

Rescues Over 50,000 Idle Hair Roots

Now His Hair Grows Again!

It is estimated that over 50,000 hair roots were idle in the scalp of Mr. James Walters, Jr., before these hair roots were dormant, the hair could not grow good hair.

"My hair seemed to be getting more dry and thin each day. It was the worst I ever had. There was no evidence of dandruff—it was just my hair came out, it particularly did not seem like a very bright future for me."

After Mr. Walters learned about Kotalko, and started to use it, he soon noticed the wonderful change in his hair. In his own words: "My scalp and hair are now in a perfectly healthy, thanks to Kotalko. Before I used Kotalko I was bald."

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Idle roots are awakened by the use of Kotalko, together with the good health which the roots in restoring their activity.

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are said at drug stores. To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Free

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HERE'S INSTANT RELIEF —24 HOUR COMFORT

The very minute you put your feet in a TIZ bath you can feel cool comfort —comfort that lasts for 24 hours—soaking in as all ache and pain are drawn out. Acids and poisons—the cause of pain, bad odors, itching, burning and swelling—are destroyed. Tired muscles soothed and revived. Tender feet made hardy—ready to carry you happily on your way. All druggists sell TIZ tablets.

Stop Itching Skin

Don't worry longer with Itching Skin, Dandruff, Rashes, Blemishes, Pimples and other annoying skin irritations. Get a bottle of cooling, healing, antiseptic Zemo—this safe, dependable way to relieve itching torture. Convenient to use any time—does not show. All druggists 35c, 60c, $1.00

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

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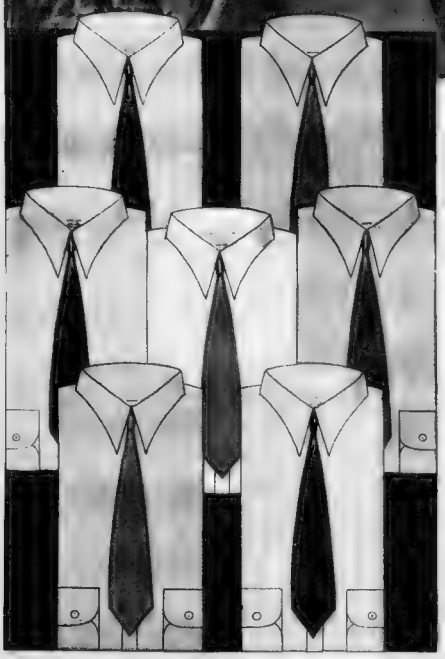

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SANFORIZED
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COLLARS will never bind
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—or you get your money back!

These famous broadcloth shirts are ready in white, and the new spring colors—

TRUMP *at* **$1.95**
PADDOCK *at* **$2.50**

—BOTH ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK!

Stop guessing what size your shirt *may* shrink to—*don't be confused* by claims about shrinkage that may never come true—*save your time and money* by asking for, and *making sure that you get, Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk Shirts.* For Trump and Paddock carry a full label guarantee that if the collar ever binds, or the sleeves ever shorten, *you get your money back.* For Arrow, by its new patented process, Sanforized-Shrinks every inch of the beautiful lustrous Trump and Paddock broadcloth so that, no matter how often the shirt is washed, *it will always fit.* Say good-bye forever to collars that strangle, to sleeves that shorten, to money wasted on shirts that shrink. The style of Trump and Paddock is perfect—the spring colors are new and fresh and guaranteed *fast,* and

"Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars"!

See
AROTONE
—the NEW poplin shirt for spring

ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
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SEE the handsome AROTONE shirt patterns and ingenious background of smart AROTONE colors traced with rich contrasting hair lines. Arotone is Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk and Guaranteed for Permanent Fit. Collars will never strangle, sleeves will never shorten—or your money back! The price ($2.50) seems to us very modest for this popular new spring and summer shirt style with its famous Arrow Collar, and its Positive Guarantee of style and permanent Fit!

The Popular ARROW Sanforized-Shrunk BROADCLOTHS come in a wide variety of styles and guaranteed fast colors for your smart summer wardrobe.

ARROW TRUMP in white or any stylish color	**$1.95**
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Lava Love — by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 18)

I not any questioning. You come with me and cook my steak. You see this?"

He took down from a nail on the wall an old belt with holster, a long and ugly knife. He set this switch the air gently with a whizzing noise quite close to her.

In this part of the world Adora," Don Carlos said slowly and impressively, "should a servant hesitate to obey, he dare to argue, we use the switch immediate effect. The very sight of it usually work wonders. I don't want to use it on you, Alfonso."

"You dare not! You dare not!" She shrank from him, eyes blazing. "You actually threaten to hit a woman—?"

"To me—you are no longer a woman!" he retorted. "For your own safety and mine that is the one thing we must both forget. You are a boy, and shall be treated like a boy. Don't expect me to be gentle and kind towards you. I'm bound to be harsh so that I may not remember her who and what you are. As for the whip, I've no intention of using it so long as you obey my wishes. There are no servants here, and I want my breakfast. You ought to know better than I how to cook."

"But I don't!" Adora gestured helplessly. "I've never cooked anything in my life. I don't know the very first thing about it."

"Then you've been badly brought up, Alfonso!" he chuckled grimly. "And it's time you began to learn how a man looks after himself when women are not about. This morning I'll stay here and teach you. Come with me like a good boy, and be educated a little. We'll make a fine hero of you yet."

Sensing that his grip on her slender arm was too powerful for her to resist, she accompanied him into a room which was obviously the kitchen. Resistance, and it was said and a waste of time. Better, she told herself, let him imagine she was docile and obedient, submissive to her fate. That would lull him into a sense of security, till the moment arrived when she could slip away out of this house and make for Saranoa.

She had certainly spoken the truth when she told him she knew nothing about cooking. The life of ease led by her so far had kept her away from such menial domestic tasks as he was now forcing upon her. The kitchen and its contents were a strange and outlandish world to her, she knew where nothing was or how to work it. So, while he stood by watching her, he moved to the attack subtly.

"What a fool you are, Alfonso!" he said. "Why, you don't even know sugar from salt! You're worse than some silly woman who has never learnt anything but the art of the lipstick, and the way to win's hearts with her naughty eyes, the kind of useless creature Alfonso, that you and I hate!"

Silently and sullenly she went on with her unaccustomed task, but she him now blackly in her heart pretending not to hear his incessant mockery. And her soft, white hands had become soiled and blackened, greased and so unlike her own that, catching sight of them presently, she stood staring down at them in amazed disgust.

The breakfast, such as it was in the end, had been by now prepared on a table in the big living room, and Don Carlos stood there, watching her with cynical eyes.

"Silly little hands for a boy, are they not, Alfonso?" he chuckled as she wiped them on a cloth, her face eloquent of disgust and anger. "Never mind, my lad. They'll get accustomed to hard work after a few weeks of my good training. Sit down now, Alfonso, and taste the quality of your own poison."

"I won't sit down!"

Adora was exasperated now to fury. She was ashamed of herself for having given way even so far. His mockery had stung her to mutiny, perhaps because she did realize that—for a woman—she was amazingly ignorant of things every woman should know. The blackened breakfast on the table was evidence of this. But even that gave him no right to torment her in this fashion, and she was determined to end it.

"You'll sit down at once, Alfonso," Carlos was insisting when she flared up at him.

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I may be forced to wear these clothes, but your silly Alfonso business is more than I can stand. I won't stand it any longer. I am going—now!"

"To—where?"

"Saranoa."

"You'll do no such foolish thing. How are you going to live there, silly, with no money?"

"As it happens, I have money. Enough to get me back to England. And I'm going—now!"

Adora turned to the wide-open windows which led on to the veranda of the house, but realized that he meant to prevent her and that she must do something desperate if she was to make good her purpose. She caught sight of a massive metal vase on a table quite close to her hand, and seized upon this. Almost without thinking what she was doing, everything blurred crimson by the fury possessing her, she sent the metal mass hurtling towards his advancing figure.

It struck him, and he went down to the floor in a hundred heap, a trickle of red blood welling from the wound it had made on his head. Fascinated, trembling with horror, she stared down at him. Had she killed him? Slowly she dragged herself across the floor, bent down over him and turned him on to his back. Fearing and conscience-stricken, she laid a shaking hand over his heart. It beat. He was not dead after all.

Adora lifted herself and stepped backwards. She had to think of herself. He had behaved brutally to her. She must escape from him. That mattered most. He was a strong man and would recover. Adora, hardening a heart inclined to womanly softness as she looked down at the results of her fury, turned hurriedly on her heel and ran out of the house in a frenzy. Her business was to reach Saranoa and safety. . . .

CHAPTER VI.

Manoel.

HOW Adora eventually did reach the little port in the scorch of that tropic sun she never knew. She had vaguely followed what appeared to be a track through the jungle terrain, and at times by the sight of coiled snakes on tree branches, by the sound of unseen wild things moving in the dense verdure either side of the track.

This wound through a flowering beauty which she passed all unnoticed. Her eyes were fixed on the black mass of Pallaroosa, the base of which the track skirted for a while, till finally a high road led on towards the town. It was late afternoon when she reached the last, and found herself on the broad sea-front, famished and faint from heat.

Here, with good money in her pocket, she was safe again. That was her only thought, bringing relief with it. And now another thought came to her. She had to remember the part she was playing through Diana's theft of her clothes and Don Carlos' method of overcoming that embarrassment. Adora was reminded of this the more particularly because, as she reached the broad sea-front, a pretty girl smiled at her, and made play with a fine pair of black Spanish eyes.

It was the first time since she left Don Carlos unconscious in his house that Adora had recollected her boyish appearance.

It was perhaps just as well that she had been reminded of it. And now she played up to the part with a better spirit, hope high in her heart. She came swaggering along the sea-front under her broad brimmed sombrero, hands in her breeches pocket, head high and shoulders squared, making for the hotel where she and the Armstrongs had lunched with Don Carlos on the day they had landed.

Adora might not have gone to this hotel had there been any other of which she knew. She felt pretty certain that, when he recovered from that blow on the head, Don Carlos would search for her there. Not that she really feared him now. If he molested her, she would ask for police protection.

At the same time, it was not until she had reached the hotel and asked the Portuguese proprietor for food and a room that she remembered she must concoct some story to explain her circumstances. She was first made aware of this when booking the room. She had noticed his expression of surprise when she handed him one of her English pound notes.

"English money!" he had stared at her, his little beady eyes blinking as if the sun caught them.

"Yes," she said. "It is quite good money. I am English myself really, senor, and this has been sent out to me from there in order that I may take the next boat home. How long will it be before one comes into port?"

"Perhaps tomorrow, or the day after," replied the Portuguese, causing Adora immediately to remember that Don Carlos had told her there would not be one for a fortnight. The coward, she told herself, was a liar as well.

"The senor speaks Spanish well for an Englishman," the Portuguese murmured meantime on a faint note of surprise.

"Because," answered Adora with perfect truth, "I have stayed in Spain a good deal with friends of mine there when I was a girl." Adora recollected herself in the nick of time and added—a "boy."

"And the senor has lately been staying here — where?" pursued the Portuguese, remarking with a little smile: "Sometimes the police ask such questions of us, you understand, if they are interested in anyone staying here."

"They can have no interest in me," remarked Adora, hands in breeches pockets, legs astride. "I have, anyhow, been staying with a friend in—the interior."

"That suffices. The senor's business is his own!" remarked the Portuguese and led the way onto the balcony overlooking the sea and showed his guest to a table, adding that he would at once see about the senor's meal, and afterwards the room would be prepared for occupation.

Adora did not fail to notice that he still regarded her with some suspicion, and he did not leave her quite at her ease. She could well understand the curiosity she had aroused in him. She arrived there, travel-stained and tired and without luggage, confessed herself English while wearing Spanish clothes. Not the clothes either of anyone likely to be carrying a number of English pound notes in the pocket.

However, that could not be helped, and Adora tried her best not to think too much of it. Nor did the Portuguese afterwards show any further interest in her, beyond being very solicitous as to the "senor's" comfort, the quality of the meal, which certainly was good, and the big bed.

(Continued on Page 26)

Shampoo Regularly with
Cuticura Soap
Preceded by applications of
Cuticura Ointment
This treatment will keep the scalp in a healthy condition and the hair soft and lustrous.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

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An Utterly New Kind of Beauty Treatment . . .

Whitens Skin Gently, Safely and Quickly . . .

Draws Out Blackheads, Blemishes and Discolorations . . .

Gives a Marvelous "Lifting" and Youthifying Effect

HERE is an utterly new type of beauty treatment — recently introduced in Paris by Andrelys, one of the most famous skin specialists in France. Nothing has ever been discovered which multiplies complexion beauty so amazingly and quickly.

Lemon-Magnesia Pack (as this new discovery is called) comes to you in the form of a white, delicate creme. Patted onto the face, it transforms itself into a soft mask which freshens and tones the skin to unbelievable smoothness.

Immediately you feel a gentle lifting effect as crows' feet and surface wrinkles are blended out. At the same time, dark, sallow skin is lightened two or three shades a new, safe way, while blemishes and blackheads are banished and cleared away.

Secret French Process

The formula of this new pack is secret. But it is known to contain lemon and magnesia, combined in such a way that their effectiveness is doubled and tripled. A third rare ingredient stimulates natural skin beauty to a surprising degree.

This Lemon-Magnesia Pack is not only a marvelous whitener and corrective, but a super-cleanser as well. Pore impurities are dissolved, dead cuticle is washed away, and the skin is left glowing with youthfulness and delicate natural color.

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Your first Lemon-Magnesia Pack treatment will give you a new beauty thrill. Try it today. See for yourself how amazingly it refines the skin, how astonishingly it reduces conspicuous pores, how firm and smooth it leaves the entire contour of chin and throat.

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The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

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See how FAST Royal Gelatin sets

...in half the usual time

A COLORFUL DESSERT FOR SPRING

Strawberry and Banana Royal—Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (strawberry flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water. Pour into mould and chill until firm. To serve, unmould on plate and garnish with thin slices of bananas and fresh strawberries. Or use fresh, ripe peaches with red or black raspberries—or peaches with honeydew melon balls. Serves 6. *Approximate cost—18¢*

WHY WAIT ALL AFTERNOON for your jellied dessert to set? With Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin—you can have it ready in an hour. In fact, you can prepare Royal along with the rest of the meal. Make it first thing, of course, and slip it in the refrigerator. Then go ahead with your cooking.

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You can speed it up still more by chilling small moulds of the gelatin in the freezing tray of your refrigerator. Or—quicker yet—pour the gelatin right into the tray itself. This way it takes only 15 or 20 minutes.

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And it tastes about twice as delicious! You get the luscious flavor of sun-ripened fruits. Scarlet strawberries . . . red-ripe cherries . . . big velvety raspberries. The rich juiciness of orange, the sharp tang of lemon, the piquant flavor of cooling lime.

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SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS to choose from: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Lime. In attractive new packages especially designed for your convenience—*a different color for each flavor.*

ROYAL *Quick Setting* GELATIN

NEW PACKAGE . . . *in a different color for each of the six Royal flavors*

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Chocolate Pudding

MADE WITH ARROWROOT

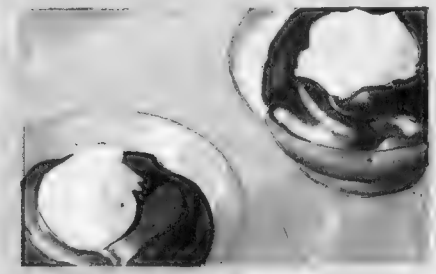
HERE'S something entirely new, different and irresistibly appetizing. Royal Chocolate Pudding takes only 6 minutes to prepare, yet is completely cooked and has a smoother, more velvety texture—and a richer, creamier flavor—than any chocolate pudding you ever tasted.

It's so simple and easy to make—just add cold milk and bring to a boil. A double boiler is not necessary . . . you need only four utensils—a saucepan, a cup, a spoon and a mould!

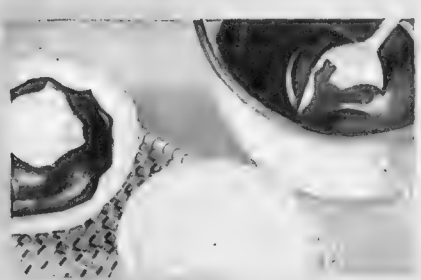
Royal Chocolate Pudding is made with arrowroot—a form of starch long recognized as unusually nutritious and easily digested. The finest cooks prefer arrowroot as a thickener, because it is easy to keep smooth, requires less cooking than other starches and is entirely free from any "starchy" taste.

With Royal Chocolate Pudding you can make any number of popular chocolate desserts—quickly, easily . . . without long, fussy preparation.

Full directions for making—and some appetizing new recipes—are on each package. At your grocer's. 10¢ a package.



ROYAL CHOCOLATE PUDDING *tastes and looks like good, home-made pudding. It has a full, blended,* cooked *flavor. There's none of the cheap, watery, thin appearance you find in some chocolate puddings.*



CHOCOLATE CREAM TARTS *are just one of many popular ways to serve this delicious new Royal Chocolate Pudding. Look for the recipe on the package. They're easy to make, and will tickle your palate.*

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Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

A Tale of Love and High Adventure in the South Seas

On the Day I Went Away She Brought a Tray of Sand and Made Me Listen to My Fate.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BRUCE and Marlowe bringing their tragic secret home, Helen join the harbor at Las Aves in the Pukaluna and sailed aboard a rum-runner. He left the Jean Marie when he was gotten from Van Kleet the request gen- erous. The comes to send them to Kanaga a ruse to at- tempt from Pasku Island under the guise of hunting.

Their premonition is strength- ened when they learn that the Jean-Marie's longboat that has ob- viously been smashed by an axe, they are convinced he met with foul play. They suspect Julian Ridley of the Leopard an un- scrupulous trader who will stop at nothing where money or women are concerned.

Carol Hackett's daughter, is forced to put herself under the protection of Mrs. Van Kleet, the only other white woman besides Pauchon on the Island.

Bruce accuses the resident and Ridley of getting Pauchon up to getting the information about the Pasku concession from Hackett.

Van Kleet confirms to Bruce that he has already given the con- cession to Ridley. He warns Bruce that he is endangered by Carruthers the overseer of Wai- hi, but Bruce leaves the latter's name out of his report.

Under cover of his hotel's dy- ing people Ridley would be the last man Leilo would ever kill. Waits for Bruce and Marlowe to make their first move.

Carol, fearing Ridley and Van Kleet, begs Bruce and Marlowe to take her in their. They agree that she shall sail with them in the Helen and join the Leopard at Las Aves.

Bruce, seeing a chance to get Pauchon to send Marlowe on foot to decide to go in her- self, being the only one who knows the secret of Hackett's death. Marlowe sets out with Leilo and his wife to find Pauchon.

Bruce expresses all the pangs of remorse and finally persuades Fairless of the Spanish Rake to set out with him after the two men for a fourth share of the ambergris. They soon catch sight of the Leopard.

The Helen arrives off Pasku and anchors for the night. In the morning they land and find the ambergris on the way back to the Helen they become lost in a sudden fog, and after row- ing about for hours bump into a boat which they think is Ridley's. Land and the ambergris are lifted aboard but before Marlowe can follow he discovers it is not the Helen and the longboat sheers off into the fog again.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sounds in the Fog.

THE Spanish Rake ran into the mist at three in the afternoon. Fairless guessed that they must be close on Paiku. Bruce followed him glumly as he went into the cabin and spread out the battered chart.

"I should say we're here," Fairless said, tracing a passage with his forefinger. "Where Ridley is, heaven alone knows. This cursed fog is going to mess things up. We may miss him. We may miss the Helen. Ten to one they'll both give us the slip and be heading for Las Aves while we're playing Blindman's Buff round Paiku."

"It's tough luck."

They went on deck. All around them hovered the wraiths of the fog. It drifted around in great billows, shrouding the topmast, hiding the bowsprit, giving to the whole ship a strange eerie ap- pearance of unsubstantiality. Fairless lifted his handsome head this way and that, like a deer questing the scent of a foe.

"Better heave to," he said at last. "We don't want to hit the reef."

"Don't suppose we'll get anch- orage," Bruce agreed. "These sunken reefs are as crumbly as new bread. Oh well, try if you like."

Fairless shook his head.

"No. We may want to get away quick."

He leaned over the side peer- ing into the density.

"Listen," he said quietly. "I can hear voices."

Side by side they stood stretch- ing every nerve to gain some idea of the position of those other ships that wandered like ghosts in the fog. Ghosts? What if they were too late and the Leopard slunk away alone?

"I can't hear anything."

"No. Fancy, I reckon I do. I heard someone shouting."

"Waiting's a rotten game," said Bruce impatiently.

Fairless nodded.

"I wish we could see the sun," he said.

"The sun?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter?"

"Do you remember Hendry and what he said when he'd just found that rope? Do you re- member he begged me not to come?"

"That fool! Well?"

"I've seen most of the things I wanted to," Fairless went on. "And I've had pretty well every- thing I set my mind on. By the time I was twenty-five I'd run right through the emotions, and so after that I had time to live."

"You want a drink. You've been long at the tiller. Come down and have a long one," urged Bruce.

He was afraid of he knew not what. Fairleen was queer, dif- ferent from any other man in the Islands. His handsome looks, his daring, his hairbreadth escapes, made him a frequent topic of dis- cussion. There was no risk so great that he would not take it; no man too cunning that he would not tackle him; no woman so proud that he would not lay siege to the fortress of her pride. Yet those brilliant restless eyes were never dissolved. Those nervous hands were never still. What was it that the man wanted? Bruce asked himself many times during those three days and found no answer.

"Fairless," he said suddenly, and stopped, confused, when the other turned.

The deathly fog enshrouded them. They lost all sense of time. Like weary prisoners in a doorless cell they started up and up, straining to pierce the roof for some sight of the day. They dared not move far in any direc- tion, for fear of reefs. All they could do was to stand off and on through the dragging hours, un- til their aching eyes and taunt muscles warned them of collapse.

For three days they had sailed under heavy canvas, daring the winds in their determination to be in time. Yet all their efforts had been baffled. Ridley had kept ahead in spite of the risks which they took to outrun him. Yet rest was out of the question. Who could say when their enemy would look out of the mist? The Leopard must know she was pur- sued. Even now she might be crawling towards them, ready for the kill.

"He'll ram us if he can," Bruce spoke out of his thoughts.

Fairless gripped his arm.

"What's that?"

Through the fog came the sound of a violent impact. Faint shouts and the high wails of Ka- naka boys followed. And after that came the ominous crackle of splintered wood.

"Collision," said Bruce with stiff lips.

He went to the tiller and wrenched it from the Kanaka who held it.

"What are you doing?" Fair- less shouted as the boat swung round.

A faint breeze had sprung up. It blew the fog closer about the Spanish Rake. But it was suffi- cient to set her moving slowly.

"What are you doing?"

Bruce did not answer. Heed- less of consequences he set the ship towards that sound that had turned his heart to water. That sickening crash meant death for someone. What had his thought been a few moments ago? That Ridley would not hesitate to ram the Spanish Rake. What if he had rammed the Helen? Even now Marlowe might be swimming for dear life, cleaving the water with frantic trudgeon-strokes to get free of the wreckage of the broken ship.

And Carol.

But he could not endure the thought of Carol.

Perhaps he was a fool to be so sure that the Helen was the vic- tim of that distant crash. A wild hope sprang up in his heart that Marlowe had been the aggressor. What if it were Ridley who fought against the fear of death by drowning or death by shark?

The Spanish Rake slid on like a ghost ship, and Fairless ceased his protests. He knew the world and he had seen men like Bruce before, half out of their senses with remorse and sullen unwill- ing shame and the blind desire for revenge. He saw very plainly that for the time Bruce's self- control had gone.

To kill the lurching he had for- bade. He must at all cost the man he had come out to slay. Fairless clamped at the rigid face, the hard mouth, and shrugged his shoulders. What must be, must be, he decided, and felt again like a stab from an unseen sword that poignant longing for a sight of the sun.

The breeze increased. Very soon it would be night. Then, in- deed, they would have a fair foretaste of what they might rea- sonably expect. The wind was still too slight to disperse the fog. It sent it anything about in great ungainly shapes that strode over the Spanish Rake, crushing her down beneath their pointless hoofs. The dissolving mists gave Fairless the sense of assailing armies, dauntless, invincible, that came out of the growing night to the attack.

"It must have been about here," said Bruce at last, wiping his forehead. "Oh blast this fog! It plays the deuce with direction. The cursed sound may have been half a mile to starboard for all we know."

"Can you see anything?"

Together they peered over the side. They might as well have buried their faces in a blanket.

Gray predominated now in the grayish-white of the fog. It grew slowly darker. Then, as though someone had taken a brushful of wet color and slapped it across a canvas, the swirling mists turned the deep blue-black of ripe grapes. The Kanakas stumbled about the deck with lanterns that showed faint and golden like huge Cape gooseberries through the haze.

"Better put out the sea- anchors. We'll have to heave to," said Bruce out of the darkness.

He shouted to the Kanakas and soon the deck was alive with hur- rying feet. Any action was wel- come. The forced inactivity, the strain of waiting for the thing which never happened, tugged at the nerves of everyone. Fairless set four Kanaka boys to watch and he and Bruce went below for a bit of hot food.

Karoro brought in some canned pork and beans that he had fried, roasted yams, quick- bread, bananas, and hot coffee into which Fairless poured some rum. He unrolled his sleeves and fell on the pork with a will. He enjoyed good food as he en- joyed everything else that ap- pealed to his senses. He loved the homely smell of the meat, the appetizing odor of the steaming coffee, the red-gold of the ba- nanas in their brown dish.

"Folks in England don't know what bananas are," he said to Bruce, between mouthfuls. "Those thin yellow throw-outs!"

Bruce made no answer. He was not eating. Fairless looked at him anxiously.

"What is it?"

Bruce jerked his wandering at- tention back to his food. But af- ter a couple of mouthfuls he stopped again. With a sudden

(Continued on Page 23)

GRAY HAIR

disappears!

I'll prove it FREE —quickly, easily, without risk.

Gray streaks simply vanish at the touch of this famous, water-white liquid—called Mary T. Goldman's. That's why scores of women (men, too) no longer have gray hair. You just comb it on. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Noth- ing to rub or wash off. Hair stays soft —takes wave or curl.

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SAYS...

HUGH TREVOR

famous screen star

Learn the Complexion Secret nine out of ten lovely Screen Stars know

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep *youth*," Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in *years*, but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"*Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. Birthdays don't matter at all.* And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

"To keep youthful charm, guard complexion beauty," the lovely actresses will tell you. "Use gentle Lux Toilet Soap, *regularly*, as we do!"

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In Hollywood...on Broadway...in Europe, they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youth- ful charm—with Lux Toilet Soap. 605 of the 613 actresses in Hollywood, alone!

This fragrant, very white soap is the offi- cial soap in all the great studios... is found in theatres everywhere.

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Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX TOILET SOAP..10¢

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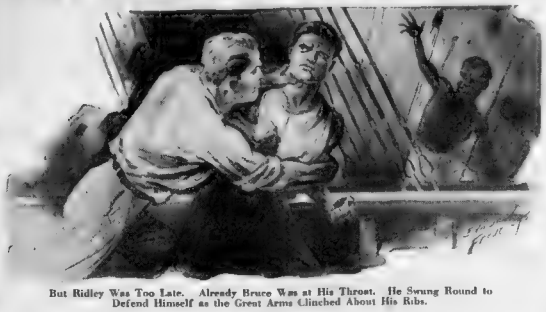
Isles of Desire by Basil Carey



But Ridley Was Too Late. Already Bruce Was at His Throat. He Swung Round to Defend Himself as the Great Arms Clinched About His Ribs.

(Continued from Page 22)

movement he flung down knife and fork and began to pace up and down. Fairless let him go on. He was not one to force a man's confidence. In silence he poured out more coffee. Bruce was taking things hard. Of course, when one has been a fool and others are paying for it, things are apt to seem a bit worse than they actually are.

"I ought to be on the Helen," Bruce burst out violently. "Most likely if I'd been there from the beginning she'd have been on her way back by now. It was my fault that Marlowe sailed short-handed. Yes, we've got six boys, but a white man's worth three Kanakas any day. You know that's true. How was it they didn't see this fog coming up? Marlowe and Carol—and me here on this blasted boat when I ought to be—ought to be——"

"Well, quit worrying," Fairless advised him. "Eat up your food You'll fight better on a full belly This pork's fine, and Kururo makes blame good quick-bread. He's a thief and a liar. He's suspected of killing his grandfather and he's had seventeen wives. I've belted him so often he's got past feeling it. But he can cook Here, have some more coffee."

Sulkily Bruce did as he was bidden. He ate and drank without knowing what he swallowed. Carol, where are you? Where are you, Marlowe? Whose ship still floats, and whose ship struggles with the vast engulfing sea?

"Spit it out," said Fairless, watching. "Why did you do it?"

"What?"

"Stay on Les Aves."

"You know."

"Yes. Fanchon. I mean, did you stay with her because you couldn't help it, or because you had—well—dared yourself to do what you pleased?"

"I can't discuss it."

"Do you know Tungas?" Fairless went on, reaching for his pipe. "Its name means the City of Winds. It's an extraordinary place. Stands on a hill that rises stark out of the plains. Queer. I've met men who've been there once and tried to find it a second time without success. But I've been there. Yes, only once. I've never tried again. It's a mistake to do a thing twice, because you can never have the first thrill over again."

"Well?"

"I knew a woman there," said Fairless slowly, "and she knows Ridley. She liked me because I can speak a little Arabic. Did I tell you the people there are Arabs?"

"She knew him? How?"

"In the way that a man and woman know each other in a strange place. She was a woman of the town. Lovely. Big almond shaped eyes, and a skin like silk in the night. Have you noticed that things feel extraordinarily vivid when it's dark? I went there several times. On the day I went away she brought a tray of sand and made me listen to my fate. I laughed, of course. We were good friends by that time. We were both rather excited. And then she turned quite queer. But I made her tell me."

"What?"

"Well, she stared at the beastly sand after I'd drawn my hands across it. She said some words I couldn't understand. Then she turned queer, the way I told you. After a bit she told me. She said, 'I can see you on a ship. There is a haze. It is day but I cannot find the sun. Your arms are outstretched and I think you are crying out. And he—the one we know—he is near!' She seemed quite upset. However, I was able to put it out of her mind. All lies, of course. All rot. Most likely she made it all up to scare me into staying with her. Besides, she told me she hated Ridley."

"Why?"

"I didn't ask her. Women's reasons! What are they?"

The light of the hanging lamp fell on his tanned boyish face. The lips that closed on his pipe-stem were red and full. Was it a lie, a phantasy, that tale that he had forced from the girl over the sand-tray? He remembered Hendry's words. Did death indeed wait for him in Ridley's fierce hands?

Bruce was eating now, wolfing his food in great gulps. Fairless watched the powerful arms and the broad chest where the fair skin showed beneath the unbuttoned shirt. If it came to a fight between the two enemies, things might go hard with Ridley. Then he remembered Ridley's ways The thought gave him pause. A knife will draw the crimson blood from the broadest shoulders, a bullet will shatter the strongest chest.

Bruce rose impatiently.

"Come on."

"Turn in for an hour," Fairless suggested

"Turn in yourself You're looking fit to drop. Blast the fog! It's getting in here. Go on, lie down for an hour. When did you sleep last?"

Sleep If the hours of his life were indeed numbered, was it likely he would spend one of them asleep? Bruce said no more. He flung on his coat and hurried up the companion.

Half way up he stopped, looking down at Fairless' upturned face

"It's all rot," he said with sudden irrelevant fury. "Hendry and that other—they can't know And Ridley—if I get at him—why don't you stay below? There's no sense in taking risks—"

He stopped. If it had not been for him, Fairless and the Spanish Rake would still be idle and safe at Les Aves. He did not belittle the dangers which crowded round them on all sides. He knew that very possibly some of those now afloat would never see Les Aves again. "If Fairless does hand in his checks," he thought, "it'll be my fault."

"Do you ever shoot up a prayer?" he asked abruptly

"No," said Fairless in his matter-of-fact way. "Are you thinking of holding a meeting in the middle of the companion? Because if you are, I'll have to go and find my hymn-book."

Bruce turned and went on deck.

It was like stepping straight into the night sky. The thick velvet darkness of the fog enwrapped them, the dim lanterns showed like faint distant stars. There was no sound in all the world save the lapping of the water against the ship's sides.

The two men stood for a moment, shivering slightly in the chilled air. Fairless began to blow on his fingers

"Turned cold," he said "I'll get a coat. Yours down there, too? All right.'

He seized Bruce's boulder, swinging him round to starboard

"Listen What's that"

CHAPTER XXII.

Prisoner on the Leopard.

WHEN Carol was lifted from the longboat the brawny arms that received her closed round her tightly. A large hand was clapped over her mouth to her intense indignation With great presence of mind she lay limp and heavy for a couple of seconds and then kicked with all her strength. She heard an agonized grunt, and felt herself flung roughly on the deck Kahiva's voice floated up out of the fog

"Him boat not Helen!" he was shouting.

The shot that followed told Carol into whose hands she had fallen. Dazed and bruised, she sat up, feeling about her on the boards. Had that shot got Marlowe?

"Carol."

At the sound of Ridley's voice a numbness came over her. She staggered to her feet, groping for the gun which lay against her body. Her fingers trembled She was conscious of feeling quite icy cold. Two hands slid over her shoulders. Someone lifted her and held her close. She could feel the steady beat of a man's heart. She thought: "This is how rats feel when someone lifts up the trap that they're in." Her throat was stiff and dumb. The hands that sought so feverishly for the gun Marlowe had given her fell slack and useless.

Ridley carried her down the companion-way into the lighted cabin. He set her in a crumpled heap on a locker and stood back against the closed door, looking at her

"So I've caught a boy, have I"

His skilled eyes ran over the grace of her body under the shirt and corduroys. He noted the slim bare legs and feet. Oh, but she was lovely, lovelier in these boy's trappings than in the filmy frock she had worn at Van Kloort's house. The desire which had smouldered during the long hours of the chase leapt up in a surging flame at the sight of her

His mood was the victor's mood, lordly, condescending, lecherous The prize was safe He could enjoy it at his pleasure In the Leopard's hold lay the canvas bags of ambergris. Success went to his head like wine.

"Well?"

At her tired, hopeless voice a wave of pity passed over him. He went close to her and knelt down beside her. His dark, brilliant eyes compelled her to look at him

"Have you had a bad time?"

"No."

"You're tired to death. Shall I get you some wine?"

"No."

"It's no use looking about like that," he said with sudden anger. "You're not going away from here And there's nobody else aboard except the Kanakas"

"Didn't Marlowe come aboard?" she asked cunningly.

"No. Nor Bruce either."

"Bruce—!"

She stopped. So he didn't know Bruce had not sailed aboard the Helen

"What does it matter about him?" said Ridley. "How dared you go away like that?"

His hands rested on the locker on either side of her, imprisoning her, a desperate, unwilling captive

"Why did you go" You frightened us all to death. What was it? Just a freak? Or was it" his voice hardened—"was it because of Bruce?"

Her courage was seeping back again. The first sick shock of surprise and terror ebbed away But the boldness that ousted it was the reckless boldness of one who sees his last hour ahead

"I went away because of you," she said, staring back at him. "I hated you and I hated Van Kloort, and I was afraid of you both. I don't care about Bruce —I don't care about anyone."

The color flushed her cheeks. She sat up like a queen, superb, disdainful, aloof

"I hate you now, but I'm not afraid of you. What are you going to do? You needn't think I don't know what you want."

"Do you, by heaven?" he breathed.

"What does any man of your kind want with any woman?" the contemptuous voice went on. "You're just an animal, Ridley,

(Continued on Page 24)

Moonlight, Magnolias and JEAN!

Bill was panic stricken! That he of all people should have succumbed to love at first sight! And now he was to see Jean without the romantic mystery of the moon's silvered light—see her in the relentless glare of the warm noon-day sun

"You looked so fearful dear," she teased, as he caught her to him, "I'll wager you were wondering how much of it was last night's moon and the seductive scent of the magnolias—*and how much Jul I.*"

With uplifted chin, she defied the brilliant sun to reveal a flaw in the burnished rose of her skin, the pomegranate coloring of the exquisitely modeled lips.

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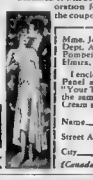

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will their eyes light up when you smile?

OR WILL "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" HAVE RUINED THE SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH?

TODAY—YOUR SMILE IS VERY ATTRACTIVE

It isn't only your husband who is observant of the details of your appearance. *All* men mentally criticize or approve. And they like the gleam of clean, sparkling teeth that goes with your smile. But will your smile always be as attractive as it is today? You eat none of the coarse foods your gums need for exercise. Day by day your gums are growing lazier and flabbier and more tender. Sooner or later, they'll begin to bleed!

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BRING BEAUTY TO YOUR MOUTH WITH

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

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Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 23)

a sodden swine that goes rooting about until it finds—"

"Stop it," he ordered. "How dare you talk like that?"

"Well, beat me," Carol retorted, shrugging her shoulders. "That's your way with women, isn't it? I've heard you talk before. I heard you once in Hendry's, boasting about some girl on Port Edward Island: 'I took a rope's end to her,' you said, 'and she was soon snivelling in my arms.' Go on. There's heaps of rope here and this shirt's thin."

"You little vixen," he said.

"You think I'd do that to you? You think I'd do that to anyone except a Kanaka? What I said at Hendry's was idle talk. Boasting, if you like."

"Rot," she spat at him. "Everyone knows what a beast you are, Ridley."

He got up from his knees and went to the clamped table. He opened the door and shouted into the galley to Hoawa to bring food and hot drink. He went back and stood before her, gazing down at her until she moved restlessly.

"So you're not afraid?"

"No," she lied.

To seem at ease, she forced herself to eat. But her eyes were restless and unquiet as those of a baited animal, when she lifted the thick cup her hands were steady, but her lips trembled. Ridley did not speak. But he sat opposite to her, smoking, and his eyes never left her face.

Her factitious bravery soon began to ooze away. What was he going to do? Why did he sit there, solemn, patient, purposeful? And what aid had she? Who was there to help? Three boys had come aboard bearing the ambergris. Had they been silenced, flung overboard, battered down under dark hatches in the hold? Even if they were free, they would be of little use against Ridley's boys. Besides, the Kanakas do not attach themselves passionately to their masters. Their volatile, easily-scared natures are not the stuff of which staunch followers are made. It was not likely that they would fight for a woman whom they had only known for a few days. Ridley's name was sufficient to cow them, had they shown the least desire to effect a rescue.

Carol moved slightly and felt the gun which she had tried to draw on deck. Surreptitiously she reached for it, feeling it at last cold and friendly under her groping fingers. With good care she shifted it to her right hand. If only he would look away! But he did not. He sat there, lazy, yet alert, reading her like a book, knowing her sudden absorbed air for what it was. You could always tell when women were up to something, he reflected, because their eyes grew big with effort, instead of narrowing, as a man's do.

He put down his cigarette and looked past her at the closed door.

"Hullo," he said in a surprised tone.

Involuntarily she turned her head. In that instant his arm shot across the table. Another moment and Ridley was towering above Carol, twisting her arm until she cried out. Slowly her fingers unclosed until the weapon clattered to the floor, and he set his foot on it. She put her bruised flesh to her mouth as he bent to pick up the gun.

"So that was it, was it?" he said grimly. "You little fool, were you going to try and scare me with that? If you'd been able to fire it you wouldn't have hit me. Women can't shoot."

He thrust it into his own belt. "You'd better understand right now," he told her. "I want you and I've got you. You're mine. I don't care about Bruce or Marlowe or anyone else. I've got you and I've got the ambergris, and as soon as the fog lifts we'll make Las Aves. You've been pretty free about me. I'll be just as frank as you were. I'll give you a day or two to think about things. After that—well, I don't want to be harsh with you, but I'm going to have my way, Carol."

His voice ceased.

She raised her tear-stained face, flushed, defiant, but before she could speak, a sickening shock sent them both reeling. The Leopard staggered like a wounded beast. Above, the screaming Kanakas raced madly to and fro. Ridley raced up the companion like a mad thing. What tragedy had overtaken them amid the shrouds of the mist? There was a crackling noise in the air, a crackling as of smashed timbers. Straining forward in the bows, he made out a dark mass.

"Helen, ahoy!"

He guessed what had happened. The Leopard had rammed her in the folds of the mist. Probably she was at anchor. In vain he tried to see what damage had been done to her. Was she aboard? Bruce? Marlowe? Marlowe had been in the long boat, he knew, from Kahna's warning shout. But of Bruce he knew nothing.

"Bruce! Helen, ahoy!"

The ship receded from her work. Somehow they swung her clear of the wreckage. Ridley judged that he had cut clean across her bows. He heard cries, which presently ceased. Whether those aboard had jumped into the sea he could not tell. No one was picked up. He sent his own boys dangling over the Leopard's bows to see what damage had been done. For the next hour he kept them busy, repairing what they could.

Was it the Helen that he had smashed? If so, where was Bruce? Had he perished in the sudden catastrophe? Perhaps even now he was crouched in some desperate corner of the doomed ship, watching the grey water reaching up towards him.

He knew that in some undefined way the stricken ship was not the Spanish Rake. So sure was he that he went down at last to where Carol waited for him, stubborn, dry-eyed now.

"We ran into the Helen," he told her heavily. "If Bruce was aboard, it's all up with him."

He waited for her to start, to cry out. But she made no sound. He was puzzled. Was he on a wrong scent, then?

"Was he aboard the Helen?"

"Of course."

"And you don't care that he may be dead."

"No."

She overdid it. He leapt at the truth.

"You don't care because you know he wasn't there. That's it, isn't it?"

He came nearer.

"Answer me. He wasn't in the longboat either. Where is he?"

"Heaven knows," she said.

"So do you," he retorted. "And you'll tell me before long."

He hesitated, but there was no time to waste. He turned away, and hurried on deck.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Death in the Mist.

BRUCE took out his [illegible]

From the mist a huge, black shape loomed up on the starboard side of the Spanish Rake. Her lights showed dimly through the blurred night. The sound of challenging voices came thick and heavy. It was a narrow shave. She missed the Spanish Rake by six feet, gliding by like a wraith. Without hesitation Fairless hailed her.

"Ship ahoy, ahoy!"

The answer was a shot that buried itself in the deckhouse timber.

Bruce snatched up a coil of rope and flung with all his might. By some miracle of chance it found a stanchion on the Leopard and clung there, holding the two ships together. Already the Kanakas were jostling each other, pressing forward to the encounter. The air was filled with shouting and the sinister sound of gunfire. Bruce hung on to the rope drawing the ships together until they kissed.

"Fairless," came Ridley's voice through the fog. "Fairless! I'll get you yet, blast your eyes!"

Now that the encounter which he had dreaded had come to pass, Ridley's fears were swallowed up in the lust of battle. In the relief of conflict, he leapt to meet

(Continued on Page 25)

Many a pretty girl has gone without partners at a dance . . . . simply because she didn't guard against "B.O."

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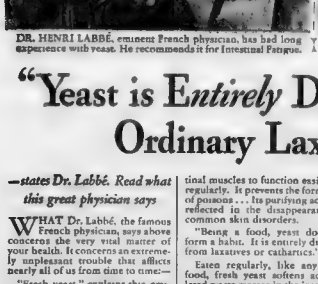

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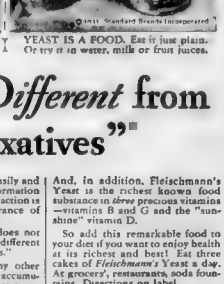

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Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 24)

the man who had pursued him, from whose shadow he had tried in vain to flee. Now was the chance, now was the time to settle old scores, old unforgiven secrets that burned between them yet. He realized that if he shot he must shoot at random. Better a close fight that would finish things. He had locked the doors of the cabin where Carol walked up and down like an imprisoned tigress. He had the ambergris safe in the hold. Marlowe was adrift in a small boat. What remained to complete the victory save the death of his enemy?

Bruce . . .

He put the thought of Bruce out of his head. There was something fishy about Carol's denials that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. Rot! Of course, she must know. Well, he, Ridley, would get it out of her at his leisure.

He felt the ships swing closer. He heard the faint grating of the Leopard against the Spanish Rake's fenders. The next instant he was aboard the enemy's deck, with his Kanakas swarming after him. His boys were Les Aves boys. Fairless's boys were from Degas. That alone was sufficient to ensure a fierce battle. Warned by the cries from the Spanish Rake of the presence of their hereditary enemies, the men of Degas Island, Ridley's Kanakas turned into a pack of yelling fiends. What to them were the white men's quarrels? Not often did they have such a chance as this.

Ridley sprang and instantly a man closed with him. He knew it was Fairless by the slender build and the skilful way in which he fought. The fellow was lithe and slippery, though he was not tall. His muscles were like fine steel. Again and again Ridley tried for a knockout, only to find it parried, turned aside in a way that sent him speechless with rage. Around them the battle of his Kanakas surged. The black night reeked with the sudden spill of hot blood. The clamorous voices grew louder in their frenzied defiance. Ridley, drawing back for a blow, stumbled over a prone body and went sprawling. He staggered to his feet again, but Fairless had gone in the darkness.

"Oh, for a bit of light," said Ridley aloud.

He must find Fairless. Find him and choke him, yes, choke the life out of him so that the Leopard might run free of the shadow that pursued her. What did Fairless know? Why was he here? Ridley pushed the hair out of his eyes and spat on his hands. He held a knife, a blade forged in Venice years ago, that knew the taste of blood. His fingers closed more tightly about the familiar haft.

Stealthily he groped his way to the deckhouse, and leaned in its shelter, listening for any sound which should guide him to his enemy. The din of battle never ceased. The furious Kanakas plunged madly in the darkness, where friend and foe were mingled in confusion. The first wild challenges had died into a sinister, snarling growl, broken by grunts and sharp cries of pain. Ridley turned this way and that, the touch of Fairless' flesh had roused an insensate longing to kill. It was not only old hatred that ued him on. It was something beyond his passionate resentment at the man's interference. Never mind why he was there. It didn't matter who had sent him—most likely it was Van Kloort. Well, Van Kloort's turn would come.

What was it, then, that made him thirsty for Fairless' life? Was it, perhaps, because he still heard Hackett's voice? "I'm the last man you'll kill, Ridley." To prove that a lie, to reassure himself that the words of a man on the brink of death can have no weight—was that it? He shook the question away impatiently. In the darkness his lips drew back so that his teeth were bare, bare as those of a wolf who sees the bright eyes of his foe among the trees.

He flung up his head. That was Fairless' voice. Now where?

"Bruce, where are you?" shouted Fairless.

Bruce! Was Bruce aboard? Ridley's heart missed a beat and then plunged violently. So that was the key to the mystery of Bruce's whereabouts. That was why Fairless had pursued the flying Leopard. What mad accident had left Bruce ashore at Les Aves? Or was it an accident? Was it not perhaps a design, a planned thing? Then who had planned it? Perhaps Van Kloort had fixed it with Bruce. Oh yes, he's seemed solid enough. But Ridley remembered the incident in which Van Kloort had taken part, the trifling incident of the Kanaka mob, with their victim, on whom he had laid a mustard plaster. A paltry affair, no doubt, yet it had showed the hidden cunning of the man. Was it his work? If not, why had Bruce stayed on Les Aves?

"Bruce!"

"Oh," said Ridley. "What does it matter now? He's here."

A man stumbled against him, panting, gurgling. He fell at Ridley's feet, slithering down against the deckhouse. It was Maureke, one of his own Kanakas.

"Rideli," he moaned.

"Maureke, you all same hurt?" said Ridley.

"Hurt all same die, Rideli."

Ridley hesitated for a moment. Then he bent down and felt for Maureke's kris. The fellow let his master take it without a word. Through his agony of body came a glimmer of intelligence that heard from a long way off the muttered words. "You put him kris in hobi?",

"So, put in hobi, Rideli," he struggled to answer.

Ridley thrust his own knife in the sheath and took the poisoned blade instead. Hobi—yes—he'd seen that stuff at work.

He crept forward, making for the bows. It was from there that he had heard Fairless' voice raised in a shout. If Bruce was aboard he must act quickly. He would not fight two such men at once.

A couple of struggling forms knocked against him violently. He hit out at them with savage force and pressed on. A faint wisp of wind was stirring. It pierced the fog, lifting it almost imperceptibly from the lanterns. Ridley caught a faint gleam of red shirt in the dim light. The black head above it told him whose it was.

He crept nearer. Fairless turned just as he sprang. They closed, oblivious of all else on that haunted ship where Death sat in the rigging and counted his prizes on the fingers of his second hand. The heaped up hatred, the old thwarted revenges sprang to life now. Like two wolves they raged, saying nothing, grunting now and then as some blow got home.

The kris that was in Ridley's hand could not strike. Fairless had his wrist in a grip of steel that was crushing the delicate bones. He hit out with his left and felt Fairless' shoulder sag under the blow. But the fellow held on like death until Ridley's tortured fingers unclosed and the kris tinkled on the deck.

A fierce pain in his right shoulder warned Fairless that he must go warily. Ridley knew it. Triumph surged up in him. He began to work towards the spot where his kris had fallen. He let Fairless attack, standing back, waiting for him, repulsing the flying figure with blows that set Fairless coughing and gasping for wind. And all the time he was searching with a feverish groping foot for the kris.

Ah, there it was.

He stopped and Fairless caught him unawares with an upper cut that stretched him on his back. Instantly the other was on top of him. Swift shrewd blows rained on his face and chest, battering him, stamping him into the deck.

The kris, the kris. He must have it. Blood was pouring from his mouth. His heart pounded horribly against his ribs. Was this what it felt like to die? He gathered all his strength into his arms and hit out at the body which bestrode him.

He succeeded. Fairless swayed drunkenly. Ridley's fist found his jaw again. They rolled over together on the deck, fighting blindly, madly, in this last desperate struggle for mastery. The writhing figures rose and fell, and crashed on the boards again. But Ridley's hand, scrabbling over the wet planks, had found what it sought.

"I've got you," he was yelling in a hoarse voice. "I've got you, Fairless."

"Fairless, I'm coming!"

Bruce's voice. Then he must be quick. He staggered upright. He wiped the sweat out of his eyes. Already Fairless was crouching for a spring. Ridley lifted his hand and struck.

He felt Fairless go down. He knew that he had drawn the kris out again and stood with it in his hand, waiting for Bruce. There seemed a tremendous increase in the noise and he wondered dimly what caused it until he realized that it was the blood drumming in his ears. Hackett had been wrong, he thought stupidly. Yes, Hackett had been wrong. Good. It proved that the dying can't see the future. I'm the last man you'll kill. That was proved false because Fairless would die, but just how Fairless would die. He had seen another man die from a wound with a hobi-poisoned knife. . . .

With a sudden curse he flung the kris into the sea.

Uncertainly, his hand stole to his own blade. A quick end for that doomed body—a clean end, anyway, better than—than—

But Ridley was too late. Already Bruce was at his throat. He swung around to defend himself as the great arms clinched about his ribs.

"Rideli!"

He could not answer.

"Rideli, come quick! Him rope go!"

He knew what was happening. The rope that held the two vessels together was losing its precarious hold. Whatever came of it, he must regain his own ship. If the reckoning with Bruce must be postponed, so be it. With the fury of a man possessed he wrenched himself free and stumbled in the direction of the warning voice. He was not a moment too soon. Already the strands were weakening. The surviving boys hauled him across the widening gap. The ships slid apart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Into the Depths.

WITH a lantern in his hand Bruce was searching the deck. He had plunged after Ridley in the last rush towards the ship's side. But he had been too late. The Leopard was gone in the darkness and the reckoning must wait. But it had been good to feel his knuckles crash into Ridley's chest. The wind was increasing. With luck the fog might lift with the dawn. The wisps and eddies of mist that blew across the dim glare of the lantern would be gone in the morning. He prodded a still body with his foot. It did not move.

"Biruti," said a voice behind him.

He turned, raising the lantern high. It showed him Karoro sucking a wounded arm.

"Karoro, you all same hurt?"

"All same hurt," Karoro agreed. "Oh, Biruti, Taoi him dead, Puka him dead. One two Kanaka all same dead."

"And Hauhe? Him dead?

"Bimeby he die," said Karoro. "All same bad, Biruti."

Bad indeed. The Spanish Rake carried four Kanakas. Two dead and one badly wounded would leave them very short-handed. Where was Fairless?

"Fairless!"

But there was no answer. Karoro began to shiver.

Bruce swore at him. Yet why didn't Fairless answer? Together they began to look for him, stepping carelessly over the dead bodies that lay crumpled on deck. Fear was tugging at Bruce's heart. What had happened at the bows between those two while he himself struggled with the maddened boys? Where was Fairless? Where—ah there he was.

He lay on his back as he had fallen. He was unconscious but not dead. Probably the force of his fall had knocked him silly. The relief that Bruce felt warned him how much he had feared to find that worse had happened. He gave the lantern to Karoro. Then lifting Fairless in his arms he strode to the cabin-head and carried him down into the lighted room. "He's not dead," he was shouting in his heart. "He's not dead. Oh yes, he's bashed a bit. But we'll soon put him right." He opened the scantily furnished medicine chest and bound up Karoro's arm with rough impatient fingers. Then he sent the boy for water, and began to examine Fairless' hurts.

A lump on the back of the head. Yes, that had been caused by a fall. A bruised shoulder. That could be put right. But—but what was this? Bruce snatched the water from Karoro and steeped a rag in it with hands that trembled. Fairless had been stabbed in the left thigh. Bruce took out his knife and ripped away the sodden cloth. A flesh wound not to amount to much, he assured himself, as he watched the water redden in the dipper. At last he could see where the knife had struck. A jagged wound showed itself. Around the edges showed a queer purple stain. He stared at it absently. What made it look so queer?

But it did not need Karoro's terrified exclamations to tell him what had happened. He knew. He sat looking at it stupidly. That stain on the white flesh told him all he needed to be told. Fairless would die.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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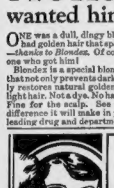

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RHUBARB—Royal Spring Tonic

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SPRING WEATHER and Spring appetites may both be fickle! Certainly a marked symptom of Spring fever and a pegky appetite is what amounts to an abnormal craving for foods which are bitter, acid or salt. How eagerly we reach for the zestful radish, the pepful watercress, the bitter dandelion and the tangy rhubarb!

Never at any other season do they taste so crisp and desirable as directly following Winter, with its heavy and over-starchy diet. It would seem as if Nature was wise enough to provide exactly the best and right foods for each season of her year.

Rhubarb, the familiar pie plant to the housewife of an older day, is the fleshy stalk of a really ornamental plant often grown in gardens across the seas solely for its decorative foliage. Its distinguishing strong acid flavor is due to a considerable quantity of oxalic acid, which taken in large amounts is a not too desirable ingredient, but the stalks have much less acid than the leaves.

Rhubarb has the same acid qualities which give the puckery taste to spinach, which puts the bitter brew of tannin into our familiar tea leaves, which gives pep to black pepper, and the acid flavor to sorrel or oxalis, to which lowly plant rhubarb is closely allied.

In some varieties, especially the common garden rhubarb, this acid is present in excess. But modern methods of cultivation are constantly improving it and the best rhubarb is now grown under cold frames and should always be eaten when the stalks are a bright gay pinkish red, and never when they have become coarse and too deep a green.

As the dieticians tell us, this oxalicrid has the effect of retarding the digestion of starches eaten at the same time because it affects the action of the saliva on starchy foods. Hence one should not get the best results eat rhubarb at the same mouthful with bread, potatoes and any floury foods. Its since its chief charm lies in its own fresh, fruity texture, one may easily plan to eat it as a fruit sauce by itself.

Further, in order to remove some of this possible excess acid (and help save on sugar or sweetening) the housewife should follow the plan of covering the cut pieces with boiling water to which is added the proverbial pinch of baking soda—letting it stand about five minutes. Then pour off this water, add a small quantity of sugar and other seasonings and simmer the fruit in its own juice.

If one likes color, then add a few drops of red vegetable coloring or a few drops of green to intensify the shade. A couple of red candy cinnamon drops dropped into the heated sauce will serve the same purpose and add a mint flavor.

If the rhubarb is fresh and young, the stems will require no peeling. It should be cut always with a silver or a stainless steel knife to prevent unpleasant acid taste and discoloration. Cubes of inch-lengths are most attractive.

Rhubarb as a pie-filling is quite familiar but the usual recipe may be glorified by the addition of a meringue or by combining a lemon custard or a pineapple custard with a layer of the stewed rhubarb. Pastry to be eaten with it at the same time, should always be very short and flaky, since the fruit is so moist that it requires a very tender crust.

In England a rhubarb tart is one of the staple and most popular desserts. This tart may take the form of a small patty-shell or be a slice cut from what we would probably call a baked fruit roll. One may line the usual shallow muffin tins with flaky paste, bake them as a shell, fill with stewed rhubarb and cover with a meringue.

The author's favorite use of rhubarb is as a gelatin mold dessert and the recipe for this is included in this article. The texture of rhubarb, watery and gelatinous in itself, and its acid flavor, seems to combine to make it one of the most attractive gelatin desserts for the early Summer. Eaten very chill, either plain or with whipped cream, or with an egg custard sauce, its refreshing tonic is delightful and decidedly novel.

From England, too, probably comes its use as jam or preserve —innumerable references to rhubarb jam being made by characters in her standard works of literature. Its watery consistency fits it to combination with figs and with pineapple which give bulk and contrast to its own qualities. There are many unusual fruit conserves of this type; that of pineapple, rhubarb and orange being quite divine and both inexpensive and easy to make.

For those who still like to do some home canning nothing is quite so simple as canned rhubarb by a cold-pack method. Select young pink stalks, wash and cut to height of quart jar neck. Pack closely into sterilized jars. Fill to overflowing with cold water (which has been boiled and cooled) adjust rubber and air-tight cap. Store in a dark and cool place. When desired, open, pour off water and cook or use exactly like fresh rhubarb.

Rhubarb Gelatin Mold—4 cups diced new rhubarb, 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 egg white, stiffly whipped (or 1 cup cream, whipped). Soak gelatin in cold water; simmer rhubarb; add gelatin and sugar. Partially set. Whip until frothy. Fold in whipped white mer. Eaton very chill, either plain or with whipped cream, or with an egg custard sauce, its refreshing tonic is delightful and decidedly novel.

Cocoanut Rhubarb Pie—4 cups rhubarb, ½ cup water, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter; cocoanut custard; pastry.

Prepare and unbaked pieshell. Pour in custard to one-half depth. Simmer rhubarb, water, sugar. Add flour and butter and cook about five minutes until thick. Pour rhubarb on top half of shell. Dot top with butter. Add upper crust and bake 30 minutes moderate oven.

Pineapple - Rhubarb - Orange Conserve — Cut sufficient rhubarb fine to make one pint and add it to two quarts of finely diced pineapple. Arrange the fruit in layers in a preserving kettle, with the pulp of two large oranges and two and a half quarts of sugar. Chop the rind of the oranges very fine, cover with cold water and let stand over night, then cook in the same water until very tender. Add the rind to the fruit and sugar after the latter has stood for several hours and the juice has begun to run freely, and cook down until thick like marmalade. Store in jelly glasses.

English Rhubarb Jam—One quart finely cut rhubarb, 6 oranges, 1½ pounds of sugar. Remove the pulp and chop the rinds of the oranges. Place the orange pulp in the preserving pan with the sugar, rhubarb and orange rind and bring slowly to boiling. Skim as it cooks and when the jam stiffens when tested on a plate, it is finished. Cover, seal with paraffin and store in a cool, dry place.

Rhubarb and Fig Jam—Two and one half pounds rhubarb, ½ pound dried figs, 1 lemon, 2 pounds sugar. Cut rhubarb in small pieces and add figs chopped fine, the chopped rind and juice of the lemon and the sugar. Let stand all night. In the morning cook slowly for one hour and turn into glasses. (Nut meats may be added if desired).

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Sal Hepatica

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 20)

room to which he led his guest—was it entirely to satisfaction?

Adora, adopting the laconic manner of a boy, said that it would suit her, and was glad to be left alone to clean away the stains of travel, and to plunge into the bath of cold water ready. She felt that she had never relished a bath so much, and was luxuriously long in the tiny bathroom, sluicing her slim white body with cold water.

By now the swift sunset of the tropics had turned day into moonlit night. Dressed again in her boy's garments, wearing always her sombrero till she could somehow get hold of a pair of scissors to clip her hair shorter, Adora wandered out of the hotel into the gardens where at night a small orchestra played and girls danced, while people sat around at little tables drinking and enjoying themselves.

She sat down at a table by herself for a while, idly watching the scene, not thinking about it so much as about the unconscious Don Carlos whom she had left on the floor in his house to recover as best he might, or else to die. Despite her hate and contempt for him, she hoped he would not die. But, otherwise, she was not sorry for him.

Her mind remembered his actual threat to cane her, and the indignity of his slave-driving torture still revolted and infuriated her. She could not now think of Don Carlos without there coming before her eyes that blur of crimson which is the flame of righteous anger. She tried to dismiss him from her mind; but the orchestra suddenly began playing the lilting melody of the same love-song Don Carlos had hummed so passionately that morning.

To escape from the sound of it, she went back into the hotel and to her room, which was on the other side of the building and overlooked the sea. A big room it was, lit only by a lamp near the bed, and by the moonlight which streamed in through the open windows. She sat down by one of these, gazing out to sea, the sea on which she would presently be borne away from this place, well out of Don Carlos' reach.

And then, while she was thinking this miles away in dreamland, out of the darkness behind her there reached a hand and touched her. Startled, imagining herself alone in the room, she sprang to her feet and turned—to face the smiling countenance of the Portuguese hotel proprietor. How he came there unheard by her she could not understand. Why he should be there at all was, judging by the leering expression on his face, a matter it would be as well for her to know at once.

"What do you want in here, senor?" Adora demanded with every care to speak and behave as a boy would have done in such circumstances.

"About this Inghlese money which the — the senor is carrying," replied the other, his coarse mouth agrin, his eyes evil with a light of menace. "The—the senor says that this money came out to him from England?"

"I said so. There is nothing at all wrong with the money. It is good English money—"

"So it may be," nodded the other, and grinned again. "I do not say there is anything wrong with the money. But there may be a good deal wrong with the—the senor."

"What do you mean?"

Adora had all she could do to maintain the nonchalant air of a boy unable of defending himself.

"Exactly what I say. And, unless some arrangement is made between us, I am going to call in the police."

"The police? To what purpose, senor?"

Adora began to move slowly towards where, on the bed, she had thrown her embroidered jacket on entering the room, because the heat had been so great. In shirt, sash and knee breeches, her slim figure moved through the silver shadows towards the yellow light flung out by the oil-lamp. For, in the jacket pocket, the rest of her precious money lay, and she wished to be nearer to it.

But the Portuguese had different ideas. For the moment, as she discovered suddenly, he was not interested only in the money. He took a step forward and, with a swift and subtle movement entirely unexpected by Adora he caught her open-throated shirt at the neck, tearing it so viciously that she was flung round and, as a portion of the shirt came away in his fingers, she was sent crashing to the ground where, for an instant, she lay in a half-dazed condition.

And then his pointing finger towards her indicated, as did his gibing words, the revelation made by his action.

"Senor—indeed? A nice sort of senor! Look there . . . You are a woman, and a lovely one too. Did you think so easily to deceive me? Now, listen. . . . We have to understand each other, you and I. And don't think it's any good screeching for help. You are the only one sleeping in the hotel tonight—excepting your dear Manoel here, myself—and my servants, who know how to hold their tongues—"

Slowly, mincingly, his face distorted, he moved towards Adora, who crouched there in the flame of the lamp, arms crossed over her breast.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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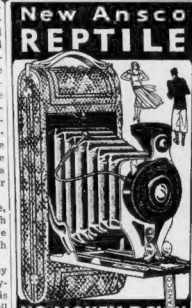

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Some Choice Recipes for the Young Bride

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chicken Salad.

MIX 1¼ cup diced cooked chicken with 2 tablespoons French dressing. Cover and let stand in icebox for a half hour. Drain, add ½ cup sliced heart celery or ½ cup green peas or ¼ cup grated cucumber and mix lightly with a fork. Blend with mayonnaise and serve on heart lettuce leaves.

Quick Sally Lunn.

MIX and sift 2 cups pastry flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon soda and 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar. Beat 1 whole egg and 1 egg yolk and add ¼ cup rich milk. Stir into the dry ingredients. Beat well and add 3 tablespoons melted butter. Turn into greased shallow pan and bake about 20 minutes. Cut in squares and serve immediately.

Spoon Bread (Delicious).

SCALD 2 cups milk and add 1 cup sifted corn meal and 1½ teaspoons salt. Beat until smooth and thick. Beat in 4 egg yolks, beaten until light and lemon colored, and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm and delicately browned. Serve immediately.

Watercress Sandwiches.

FINELY chop tender young cress. Mix with creamed cheese or freshly grated American cheese. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread on thinly sliced graham or white bread, roll as jelly roll and secure in place with toothpicks. Wrap in damp towel until serving time. Remove toothpicks before serving.

Apple Sauce.

WASH, core and slice tart apples. To 4 or 5 apples add ½ cup boiling water, cover and cook until tender. Cool and press through potato ricer or fruit press. Add about ¼ cup sugar and a grating of nutmeg, if desired.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit,	Fruit,	Berries,	Prunes with	Fruit,	Fruit,	Fruit,
Oatmeal,	Potato and	Prepared	Lemon,	Creamed	Whole	Cereal,
Stirred	Lamb Hash	Cereal,	Goldenrod	Tuna	Wheat	Coffee.
Eggs,	(Left-Over	French	Eggs,	Fish,	Cereal,	*Dinner*
Toast,	Lamb),	Toast,	Toast,	Radishes,	Broiled	American
Coffee.	Muffins,	Coffee.	Coffee.	Corn	Bacon,	Chop Suey
Luncheon	Radishes,	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Muffins,	Corn Oysters,	(Prepared on
Scalloped	Coffee.	Potato	Savory	Coffee.	Coffee.	Saturday),
Deviled Ham	*Luncheon*	Salad,	String Beans,	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Steamed Rice,
and Corn,	Vegetables in	Sardine	Baked	Egg	Celery Toast,	Peppers,
Bran Muffins,	Casserole,	Sandwiches,	Potatoes,	Salad,	Heart Lettuce	Vegetable Salad
Grapefruit	Potato Puff,	Watercress	Peanut and	Health	Salad,	in Tomato
and	Fruit Trifle,	Sandwiches,	Banana Salad,	Sandwiches,	Stewed Fruit,	Aspic,
Shredded	Hermits,	Lemon	Whole Wheat	Easy	Sugar Cookies,	Dressing,
Cabbage	*Dinner*	Cake.	Rolls,	Apple	Mint Punch.	Caramel
Salad,	*(Little Child's*	*Dinner*	Tea.	Tarts,	*Dinner*	Bread Pudding
Tea.	*Birthday)*	Irish Stew,	*Dinner*	Russian	Chicken Soup	(Prepared on
Dinner	Orange Juice	Paprika	Breaded	Tea.	(Left-Over	Saturday).
Grill of Lamb	Cocktails,	Dumplings,	Veal Chops,	*Dinner*	Chicken),	Mystery Sauce,
Chops,	Chicken	Jellied	Buttered	Chicken	Vegetable	Half Cups
Mushrooms	(left from	Carrot	Noodles,	with	Plate	Coffee.
and	Sunday)	and	Peas,	Spaghetti,	(Cauliflower,	*Supper*
Tomatoes,	in Toast	Pineapple	Favorite	Strawberry	Beets, and	Emergency
Spaghetti,	Baskets,	Salad,	Pickles,	Sponge,	Beans).	Sandwiches
Lettuce	Asparagus Tips,	Cheese	Grape Juice	Cookies,	Baked	(Left-Overs),
Salad,	Finger Rolls,	Wafers,	Sherbet,	Half	Potatoes,	Apple Sauce,
Caramel	Ice Cream,	Half Cups	Delicate	Cups	Cherry Pie with	Date and Nut
Tapioca.	Angel Cake.	Coffee.	Cake.	Coffee.	Lattice Top.	Bars.

American Weekly Patterns

A POPULAR STYLE (7173). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3⅜ yards of 35-inch material for the dress and 3⅜ yards for the redingote.

A BEACH ENSEMBLE FOR GIRLS (7191). Designed in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The coat for a 12-year size will require 2 yards of 35-inch material. The bathing suit will require 1¾ yards of 35-inch material.

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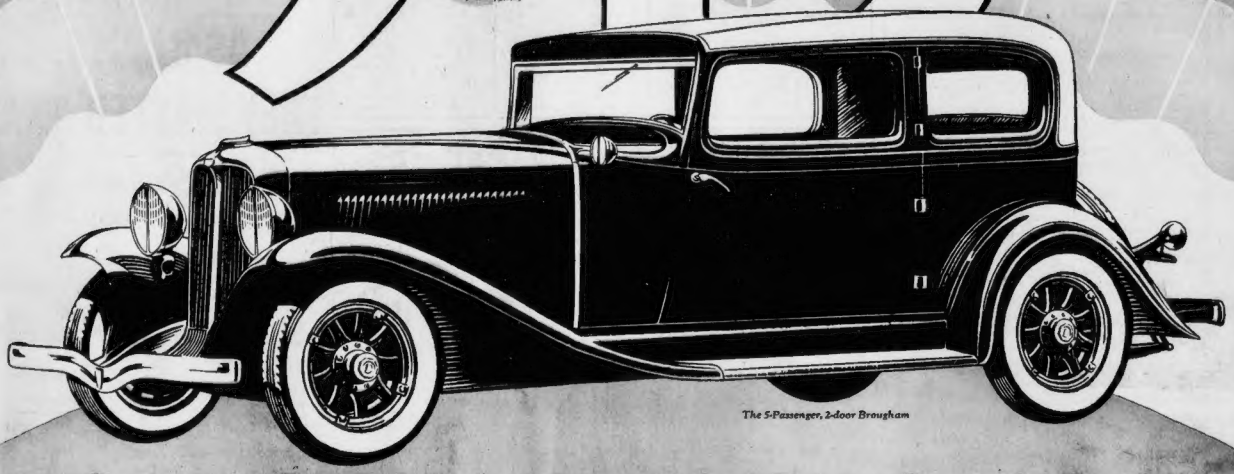

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